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The Leading Features of this number are:

"Judith," by Marion Harland (illustrated).

"All Out-doors," by the author of The House that Jill Built (illustrated).

"Well Fought," by Philip Bourke Marston.

"The Poet of the Violin" (Ole Bull), by Louise Stockton.

"Misery's Pear Tree," by Josephine Pollard (illustrated by Walter Satterlee).

"No Politics," by A. W. Tourgee.

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1. Judith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia. By **MARION HARLAND**. Illustrated by W. L. SHEPPARD and A. B. Frost.
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THE CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 11, 1883.

Whole No. 74.



"IT'S ME, MISS JUDITH," SHE SAID.

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"WAKE up, honey! What's the matter with you?"

It was not quite dark when I went to bed. I remembered watching the fading into ashy gray of one pink cloud resting long and motionless against the pale-blue sky above the top of the big walnut tree in front of the house. The wide-flung masses of green were the last thing I saw at night, the first in the morning. There had been solace in the familiar outlines, comfort and hope in their stability, on this particular evening. But for them I could not have borne to go to my room alone. I said my prayers at the window that looked into the branches. It seemed but a few minutes thereafter when Mammy stood by my bed with a candle in her hand.

"It's me, Miss Judith," she said soothingly. "You've had a mighty bad night-m'yar'. I heerd you all the way down to Mistis' room, an' come up to look arter you."

I sat upright, staring at her, and pushed my wet hair back with both hands. My face was dripping with cold sweat.

"Oh, Mammy!" I gasped, "I thought I was in the middle of Gabriel's insurrection, and Jack Bowler was about to kill me! You wouldn't let him! You wouldn't hurt me, would you? Mammy! Mammy!"

I threw myself upon her neck with the cry and sobbed violently. She set down the candle, seated herself on the bedside and gathered me into her arms.

"Who's been a-scarin' you, Miss Judith?" I heard her say when, by patting, cooing and rocking, she had calmed my hysterical paroxysm. "It's wicked in grown folks to talk to chillen 'bout sech things. I can't think who's had the heart to do it. Your Ma wouldn't like it ef she was to hear it."

"Nobody told me—nobody talked to me. Aunt Betsey was telling the others on the back porch this evening. They didn't think about my being there. I never knew such dreadful things could be! I feel as if I could never be happy again—never have another good night's rest. It's like walking over the—*bad place!*"

I hurried it all over in a shuddering whisper. The monosyllabic name of the locality and the title of the master of the region were "swear words" to me as a Presbyterian child. That I alluded thus plainly to either, showed how intense was my excitement.

Mammy was silent. The quartette of young people who had occupied the back piazza in the afternoon was now convened in the square front porch, and, as I ceased speaking, began to sing. Aunt Maria's fresh voice led a three-part fugue in what was then known as the tenor—what we call now the treble or soprano:

"O send Thy light to guide my feet."

The base picked up the burden at the fourth word, the treble (the modern tenor) at the sixth, and went chasing one another through twenty bars:

"O send Thy light to guide my feet,
And bid Thy truth appear;
Conduct me to Thy holy hill,
To taste Thy mercies there."

They had never sung the fugue before without notes, and went through it again and again, led by Mr. Bradley. I had seen such rehearsals so often that I pictured to myself just how he was standing on the lowest step of the porch, facing the group upon the upper, and beating time with his tuning-fork. I followed them once until all brought up on the long-held "open note" at the close. Then I began to wonder why Mammy sat so still, her back to the light, her head bowed upon her breast. Me she had put down upon the pillow, when she had turned and shaken it, and was now fanning me in slow, long sweeps with a turkey-feather fan.

I touched her timidly.

"You are not mad with me, Mammy!"

"Mad, chile! did you ever know me to be mad 'long you sence you was born? I was the firs' to dress you in this pore, sinful worl', honey. I had washed an' dressed your ma in the same way befo' you. Sometimes I've wondered ef 'twouldn't 'a' been kinder jes' to put you out o' your misery then an' there. You 'd 'a' gone straight home. An' the yearth is got so crooked nowadays!"

"That would have been murder," was my sensible comment.

"True, chile. An' I couldn't 'a' brung myself to hurt a h'ar of your sweet head. There is them that kills both soul an' body. Nobody ken hurt a baby's soul, thank the Lord! But when them that's old in sin an' years is sent to their account, 'wo unto him by whom the offense cometh! Them's Bible words! Seems like the worl' is a-gittin' so wuthless that the Almighty Himself won't be able to do nothin' with it but jes' to pitch it into the las' burnin'. Would you min' readin' a little piece out o' the Bible from the place Mars' Archibald read to-night at pra'rs?"

She brought book and candle from the table, slipped her arm under me to raise me to a sitting posture.

"It's 'bout wars an' all kinds o' trouble," she prompted, seeing me turn the leaves irresolutely. "St. Mark—he tells 'bout it."

Searching from chapter to chapter I happened upon it:

"And when ye hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled, for such things must needs be; but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be earthquakes in divers places, and there shall be famines and troubles; these are the beginnings of sorrows."

I was going on with the next verse, but she gently withdrew the volume.

"That 'll do, honey! That 's as much as I ken take at a time. I reckon I 'd better blow the light out. The candle-bugs is mighty troublesome at this season of the year. But I 'll set by you 'tel you go to sleep, seein' you 're kind o' res'less to-night."

She settled herself in a chair at my bedside and began rubbing my feet and ankles gently to allay my nervousness. By the starlight and the faint, purple shimmer that does not leave the August sky until near the dawn, I could see the outlines of her tall, powerful figure swaying slightly as she rubbed, her white turban nodding in the gloom like a bursting cotton-pod swayed by the breeze. The fugue was raised more confidently from below stairs.

"O send Thy light,
O send Thy light,
O send Thy light to guide my feet!"

"That 's a good pra'r!" observed Mammy presently. "But when all 's said an' done, thar 's no gittin' 'round nor rubbin' out them words you read—'sech things must needs be.' 'Twould be easier to b'ar ef we understood better the why an' wharfo'. 'Tought to be 'nough to feel that the Lord knows, an' has got hole of the handle that moves the univarse. But we 're mighty weak an' doubtful cre'turs. An' the ole Satan, he 's all the time a-movin' an' a-seekin' an' a-roarin' an' a-devourin'. Thar ain't no sign of his bein' caught, much less chained, for a long time to come. Lord!"—she lifted her arms in the darkness, as if to lay hold of the Unseen Strength—"Lord! how long! how long!"

"What has happened, Mammy?" The gesture and the heavy sadness of her tone struck me as peculiar. "What is going to happen?"

She quieted down in an instant, rubbing me as before.

"The Lord knows, dearie, I don't! His holy will be done 'mong the 'habitants of the yearth whatever we may say and think. He ken make the wrath an' foolishness an' even the blood-guiltiness of men to praise Him. S'pose now," rousing herself to brisker speech and manipulation, "I was to tell you a story to put you to sleep? 'Tain't right for little ladies to lay 'wake 'tel all times o' night."

I nestled satisfiedly among my pillows. Mammy's stories were a never-stale delight. When I was a mere baby I learned from her the folk-lore made famous, in this our day, by "Uncle Remus" recapitulations. When I outgrew the fables of "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer B'ar," she had tales of real life—a bountiful supply, valued all the more that she dealt them out to few. Without austerity her demeanor had a shade of reserve, her carriage a dignity that kept the would-be familiar at a distance. She was never merry with the child-like hilarity of her race, although never gloomy. Her voice was a mellow contralto, her speech ungrammatical and provincial, but never coarse. Her intonations were refined and very sweet, reminding strangers of the gracious gentlewoman in whose service she had lived for thirty years. Like my grandmother and my grand-aunt, she was a widow. Her only child, Uncle Archie's foster-brother, was the Summerfield "dining-room servant."

A tempting idea seized me.

"Tell me the whole story of your life, won't you? Make a *memoir* of it—a biography, Mammy, like Miss Hannah More's. I heard Grandma say to Mrs. Preston the other day: 'You know that I have an African princess on my plantation. I mean 'Ritta. She has French blood in her veins, too.' And Mrs. Preston said: 'That accounts for her being such a superior person. I am a firm believer in *blood*.' What did they mean?"

She drew the linen sheet gently over my limbs, straightened herself in her chair and folded her arms in unconscious stateliness.

"Mistis tole the truth. I've been hear my mother say, many a time, that her father was a king in his own country. Thar was fightin' and wars thar too. Sech bloody an' deceitful wars that sometimes they eat their enemies when they were took in battle, an' other times sole them to nigger-traders. One day my gran'father went to fight at the head of his army, and was took prisoner. He had the name of bein' a great warrior, and his enemies were 'fraid to let him loose. So they carried him down to the sho' whar a white folks' vessel

was waitin' for a load o' mizzable fellow-bein's, an' sole him—my mother use' to declar'—for a kaig o' New England rum! He was passed from one plantation to another 'tel one o' the Reads bought him, and so he come into ole Marster's han's—he that was your great-gran'pa. I don't no' what the king was name' in his own country, but in Ameriky they called him 'Scipio,' and give him a surname, 'Africanus.' I remember it 'cause it was so much like the land he come from. It sounds sorter heathenish, too. But mos'ly he went by the title of 'Scip Read.' He didn't die 'tel I was mos' grown. I recklect him as plain as ef he had sot in the chimbley cornder o' mammy's house yes'day evenin' a-smoking' of his pipe, an' makin' us chillen' min'. He was black as sut' (soot), 'but he had a noble 'portment when he was nigh 'pon a hund'ed year ole. He was Marster's carriage-driver 's long as he could work, an' Marster and Mistis set a heap o' store by him.

"He warn't converted 'tel 'bout fifteen year befo' his death. Then he got through in a powerful revival of religion, the mos' wonderful ever seen 'bout here. 'Twas like a fresh in the creek. It swep' off a heap o' ole dry an' rotten logs that had been layin' so long on the bank folks had clean given 'em up. They say my pore ole gran'daddy he kneel down right in the meetin' an' shouted an' blessed God for the 'fictions of his youth, an' he a-holdin' up his han's with two fingers shot off o' one of 'em in the battle whar he was took pris'ner! When he come to jine the church he 'fessed to the preacher (ole Parson Watkins it was) that he never in all them years had laid down at night 'thout sayin' over a heathen charm that was certain to bewitch, an' mos' likely destroy the men that took him pris'ner an' the nigger-trader that bought him.

"Now," says he, 'the debbil done lef' my heart so clean an' sweet I ken pray for 'em all—blackaman an' whitey.'

"He allers spoke very uncorrect to the las'.

"Parson Watkins—he preach his funeral sermon from the tex', 'Ethiopia shall stretch out her han's unto the Lord.'

"But Mistis, she say she'd ruther have had, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

"What sort of charm was it, do you suppose? And could it really do anybody any harm?"

"I don't no', Miss Judith. In our Saviour's time the Evil One had great power. He ain't los' it all, certain, an' he's allers willin' an' a-waitin' to put his han' to any bad job. Thar's many sensible persons believes in spells an' witches. I reckon the good is boun' to come out ahead in the long run, but it's a tough race for awhile. Thar's whar the 'mus' needs be' comes in again!" sighing deeply.

"Go on with your story, Mammy!" I nudged her as she was relapsing into reverie.

"Sure 'nough, dear! Thinkin' comes easier than talkin' to people that are gittin' on in years. 'Pears like we's gittin' use' to the las' sleep in the grave, whar thar's no speech nor language. Firs', we don't hear so well; then, the eyes is darkened; then, the tongue gets slow an' heavy. All over us we're bein' made ready for the silence an' the night. That's the Lord's way o' preparin' His people for what mus' come—what we can't git shet of."

I fidgeted uneasily.

"That's preaching, Mammy! I always skip the stupid-good parts of memoirs, even on Sundays. Tell me about your French blood. Was your father a French king?"

"He was a French servant, chile!" gravely. "My ole marster had a brother—Mars' Littleton Read—who went to France to finish his edication. This was befo' the long war, an' he stayed 'cross seas two years. When he come home he fetched with him a young French body-servant name' Francis Bernard. My mother was ole Mistis' maid, an' as likely a girl as could be foun' in this country or any other. So this Francis he fell in love with her, an' one day he come to Mars' Littleton, an' ask leave to marry her in good an' reg'lar style—same like she was a white woman. For that marter, he warn't so mighty fa'r himself, but mo' like a light mulotter. Ole Marster an' Mistis they wouldn't hear on it for a long while, an' wanted Mars' Littleton to send his man away. But he said he couldn't do without him, an' wouldn't. He was dreadful sot in his ways, Mars' Littleton was, an' I reckon Francis had caught the same complaint. He wouldn't give up his notion, neither, an' kep' pesterin' his young marster, an' he a-dingin' at his brother, until bimeby ole Marster he had to give in. He sent for a white preacher though, an' ole Mistis she lent the bride her own weddin'-veil, an' had a beautiful supper for them, an' they war married 's fas' as the Gospel could marry 'em. Colored folks can't be married to anybody by law."

"Why not?"

"That's one of the questions I can't answer, honey. I reckon 'cause a woman can't have two marsters, an' she's born one man's property. Some folks say ef they war married by law they couldn't never be separated nor sole apart. Some others say that ef a man on one plantation was to marry a woman on another by law, they would both have to go to the man's marster to avide confusion 'bout the children. I don't pretend to onderstan' how that mought be. All I know is white folks is married by law an' colored ones ain't. I've been hear tell, too, that ole Marster could 'a' been took up an' tried for 'lowin' the weddin', an' the preacher for marryin' a white man to a colored woman. Maybe folks warn't so particklar 'bout sech things in them ole times, when thar was Injins an' other wile cre'turs to be fit" (fought). "Or maybe they counted a Frenchman no better than a colored person. Anyhow, he an' my mother was married, an' they lived as man an' wife for better'n six years in the very same house whar I live now, out yarnder in the yard. They say he fixed it up beautiful. He planted grape-vines by the do', an' fig trees at the end by the chimbley, an' sot out the butter an' eggs an' jonquils an' vi'lets that bloom soon in the spring, even now, under the front winder. He kep' the house whitewashed inside an' out, an' put up shelves an' cubberds an' all sorts o' conveniences. He warn't a Christyun though. The firs' thing I ken remember was him a-settin' on the do'step, playin' the fiddle an' a-learnin' me to dance to it, an' how my mother use' to run into the house an' cry when he wouldn't stop. She'd been brought up to think 'twas a sin to play worldly tunes an' to dance. In his outlandish country everybody did it.

"Then Mars' Littleton he went for a soldier an' took my father with him. I reckon that was how he got into the notion of leavin' the plantation. Anyhow, when the war was over, he never come back. He an' another Frenchman stopped in Richmon' an' sot up in business thar. Both of 'em was peart fellows, an' they'd picked up a right smart chance of money an' idees sence they come to Ameriky. Mars' Littleton he died the las' year o' the war, an' Francis writ a very polite note to ole Marster to say that there warn't no sense in his makin' his home on the plantation any longer. Nex' thing we

had news that he was gittin' on wonderful in town, makin' money, an' very pop'lar with everybody. But not a word from him for my mother or anybody else.

"Ole Marster an' Mistis died in the one year, an' Mars' Sterling, your gran'pa, had the ole place, an' pretty soon he brought his wife home, an' she took a heap o' int'rust in my mother an' me. She writ to a frien' of hers in Richmon' to inquire 'bout Mr. Francis Bernard in a quiet sort o' way. 'Twouldn't 'a' been no use to try to git him back seein' they warn't married by law. Back came word that he was mighty respectable, an' in a fair way to be a rich man, an' how he was jes' been married to a very nice lady—pore, but of a pretty good family."

"Mammy! how cruel! how wicked! when his first wife was living! Why, that is *sin*!" cried I, summing up the case in the concluding word.

"Sin" to us meant more than error or fault. It was a specific, not a generic term, and signified downright infraction of some section of the Decalogue.

"We jes' had to b'ar it, Miss Judith. Man's law couldn't tech him. Bein' a onbeliever, he didn't consider the law of his God. He mought go on a-flourishin' like a green bay tree, with none to moles' or make him 'fraid. 'Tain't often that the Lord himself speaks out d'reckly an' loud when He sees sech wickedness. Ef He says to himself sentence ag'inst the evil work, we ain't none the wiser 'tel His time for punishment is full an' ripe. Then comes the weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' o' teeth. The Lord's thoughts ain't our thoughts, nor His day our 'n."

The moon was peeping at me through the lower boughs of the walnut tree. The fugue burst out anew—was carried on evenly, in good time and tune, to the close. We stopped our talk to listen.

"O send Thy light!"

began Aunt Maria, tenderly fervent.

"O send Thy light!"

came in Uncle Archie's base, steady and resonant as a drum.

"O send Thy light!"

followed the young Northerner's better-trained but lighter voice, with some sacrifice of expression to musical accent.

The confluent harmony fulfilled my childish ideal of angelic quiring.

"I think the new song must sound very much like that," said I, when the last note had throbbled into silence that, to my fancy, waited for more.

"My pore mother's been a-singin' it for this many a year," responded Mammy.

"Did she die of a broken heart?"

"No, honey. Workin' people—plain, every-day folks—don't gen'rally. They can't take time for the disease to run its course. For all that, 'twas pitiful to hear her sobbin' an' prayin' in the dead o' night when she thought everybody was 'sleep. I never let on to her that she woke me up sometimes! Thar warn't no yearly power that could lift so much as the little end o' her cross. 'Twas strapped an' buckled on too tight for her to shake it off long as she lived. She mought a married two or three times, bein' considered the same as a widder, but she said 'No!' right up an' down when asked, an' Mistis wouldn't 'low her to be pestered by the men. She allers stood out that my mother was right not to think o' sech things."

"Of course she did!" interjected I, indignantly.

"Some ladies would a felt an' talked different to a likely young woman. I'd been married ten year when

my mother went away for good from this worl' o' sin an' misery. Mistis was with her when she died, an' closed her eyes with her own han's. Then she stood lookin' at her, the tears runnin' down her sweet face.

"'Good an' faithful!' says she. 'Good an' faithful unto death! She's entered into the joy o' her Lord, Ritta!' says she to me. 'But you have lost a mother, an' I one o' my best frien's."

"She helped me shroud the pore, weary body in one o' her own gowns. She thought everything o' her, Mistis did!"

"The night befo' she died, my mother had a long talk with me 'bout my father. She hadn't named him to me in more 'n twenty years. Then 'twas she tole me that my real name was Marguerita. I hadn't never known it befo'."

"It's French," says she, 'an' he named you arter his mother. He was mighty proud an' fond o' his firs' baby. 'Fever you git a chance to speak to him tell him how free I forgiv' him on my death-bed, an' how I hope he'll be happy here an' hereafter. He wouldn't keer, maybe, to meet me in heaven,' says she, 'an' it's likely his white wife would be more suitable-like for him in this worl' an' the nex'. But he needn't stay out o' the Kingdom on that account. The houses thar is many an' wide. I 'spose he mought walk 'bout the golden streets for a million year without comin' 'cross me without he chose to meet me. I wouldn't git in his way. I been hear tell,' says she, kinder wishful-like, 'how Mr. Baptist preached one day to the colored people at Red Lane Church that thar would be kitchens in heaven jes' like 'tis here, an' that if we are good servants on yearth we may be 'lowed to tote up water from the river o' life for the white folks' table. But Mistis, she say that ain't so—that we'll all be free an' equil thar. I don't no' 'bout that! Don't 'pear jes' right for me to sit 'longside o' a lady like her even at the marridge-supper o' the Lamb,' says she.

"The Lord will manage so's you shell feel easy an' happy wherever you are in the New Jerus'lem, Mammy," says I, for I see she was beginnin' to wander in her min'.

"She giv' a little smile an' turned her face over to the pillow, jes' like a chile goin' to sleep

"You won't forgit my messidge to your father," says she, 'an' how I won't bother him no more in time nor eternity?"

"So I promised her, solemn an' sure.

"But Richmon' is a good many mile off from here, an' Mistis didn't git away from home often. Three years was gone before I could take the trip. At las' Mistis went down one spring to visit her cousins, the Blairs and Pleasantses, an' Mrs. Governor Wood, an' carried me with her. She'd tole me whar my father lived, an' I didn't forgit it. The day arfter we got to town I asked her mought I go out for a walk, an' hunted 'bout 'tel I foun' the street an' the house. 'Twas on Church Hill, an' a very nice brick house with garden an' orchard an' all. I thought in a minute to myself 'twas likely he'd planted the flowers an' grapevines an' fig trees. Thar was a pretty summer-house one side of the garden, with a table an' a cheer in it. I could jes' 'magine mos' as plain as ef I'd seen him how he'd sot thar warm evenin's smokin' an' readin'. I walked up an' down, up an' down, for much as half an hour befo' that house tryin' to find heart for to go in. I shuck all over like I had a chill when I thought o' meetin' my father. 'Twan't that I loved him exactly, but I reck'lected him holdin' me on his knee an' singin' me to sleep, an' how my mother had been bound up in him,

an' it all come back 'pon me in a rush. Bimeby, jes' as I stopped at the gate to try to steady my mind, a lady come out on the porch an' called to me.

"Come in!" says she, friendly an' pleasant as could be. "I saw you pass several times, like you was a-lookin' for somebody," says she. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I'm lookin' for Mr. Francis Bernard, ma'am," says I. "I'd like to speak to him."

"She turned as white as the wall, an' sot right down on the porch bench.

"You haven't heard, then, that he's dead!" says she. "He has been in his heavenly home a year this spring. He was my dear, dear husband!"

"With that she pulled out her handkerchief an' began to cry.

"I'd dropped down on the other bench an' couldn't have spoke a word ef my life had depended on it.

"His heavenly home!" thinks I. "How positive she says it! Who knows but he has had my mother's mes-sidge long befo' this time?"

"Presen'ly she wipes her eyes, an' says she, a-smillin' in a sorrowful way:

"What did you want with him? Can I do anything for you? What is your name, an' whar do you come from?"

"My name is Marguerita Bernard, ma'am," says I. "My mistis is Mrs. Read of Summerfield, — County."

"Jes' as I said it, I see two young ladies standin' in the do' behind me. One of them steps forward before her mother could speak. She had a dark skin and big black eyes. The other was fa'r like the mother.

"Who is this woman, mother?" said the dark one, very haughty-like. "Did your mistress send you here? An' what is your business with Mrs. Bernard?"

"Something biled up in me. I riz right up, straight 's an' arrow, an' faced her, an' says I:

"The Lord do so to me, an' mo' also, ef I'm tellin' anything but the downright truth! My mother was married to yo' father in the sight o' God an' His angels befo' yo' father ever see yo' mother, an' I'm his chile!"

"I thought she would a hit me, she come t'ward me so fierce with her han' up. But her mother she ketched holt o' her.

"Marguerita, be still!" says she.

"It went through me like a shot that he'd made no 'count o' me, but called another chile arfter his mother.

"It's all true!" says Mrs. Bernard. "He tole me 'bout it years ago, when he'd a spell of sickness an' thought he was dyin'. I forgiv' him then; the Lord forgiv' him arfterward. If he had sinned, he repented. Who am I that I should judge him?"

"She made me come into the house, an' had a long talk with me, an' showed me my father's pictur'. Then she giv' me a nice snack to eat, an' asked me to call an' see her whenever I come to town. Nobody could a behaved kinder than she did. She's dead, too, now. She was a good Christyun if ever one lived. I been hear that her daughters has married mighty well.

I shan't never bother them ag'in; but I wish 'em well."

"But, Mammy, they are your sisters!"

"In one way, honey — but that don't count for much in this one-sided world.

"That makes me say what I do say," she resumed thoughtfully after a pause; "that it don't stan' to reason as everything ken be sot straight and satisfactory here. 'Tain't man, whose breath is in his nostrils, who is got the right to overturn an' overturn an' overturn, no marter how upside-down things may look to be. That's the Lord's business, an' we ain't no call to pull it out o' His han's befo' He's half done with it an' ready to trust it to us for the finishin' off. You ken sew a right straight seam an' hem when Mistis or Miss Betsey has fixed it an' basted it down. 'Twould be foolish an' disrespec'ful in you to undertake the whole job, an' you know it well enough not to try it. The kingdom of Heaven ain't the only thing we've got to receive like little children.

It's one thing to say, 'His will be done,' an' another to suffer it!"

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS busy next morning with my neglected lessons, my feet curled up under me on a rug laid in the shadiest corner of the back porch, when Miss Virginia Dabney came out to me. I raised my eyes from the dog-eared "Emerson's Arithmetic." In a close tussle with a new rule I had caught the click of her slipper-heels on the hall-floor, and thrilled to the square toes of my thick shoes. There is an almost piteous strain in the worshipful regard of a little girl for a beautiful young woman. It may be the eager, unconscious recognition of the possible apotheosis of her immature self, such as



"SHE COME T'WARD ME SO FIERCE WITH HER HAN' UP."

quicken the sluggish pace of the caterpillar brushed by the wing of a passing butterfly.

This city maiden—whose toilettes were a wonder in themselves to my rustic appreciation, whose smiles were so free and sweet, her spirits so buoyant that she seemed to me to glorify a room by entering it—was just now my terrestrial goddess. I crimsoned with untold delight when she accosted me suddenly with one of the endearing terms she uttered more easily than did my kinspeople; her touch was a benefaction, her kiss an ecstasy. She had never been prettier than on this summer morning. No pink-tipped daisy fresh from an English dew-bath could be fairer and brighter.

She wore a gown of fine white dimity, her shoulders being covered by a small cape, crossing the chest in front, leaving bare a bewitching triangle at the neck, almost as purely white as the fabric. Shoulder-puffs were met by long cambric sleeves, which could be unbuttoned and slipped off at the pleasure of the wearer. These were finished at the wrists by narrow crimped ruffles of linen lawn. The cape was trimmed with the same, and a broader frill edged the skirt. Ill-natured critics spoke of her hair as "red," but she had no feeling on the subject of her bright locks. They were soft, luxuriant and curled as naturally as woodbine tendrils, being susceptible of many varieties of effective arrangement. She might well be content with them, even had they not set off to such advantage the exquisite clearness of her complexion and contrasted harmoniously with the blue of her eyes.

"Good-morrow, my little Sweetbrier," she said, tripping up to me to tap my cheek with a taper forefinger.

She was never prodigal of her kisses, nor was osculation so common—I might add, so cheap—a ceremony then as now in the most affectionate families.

My Uncle Wythe had nicknamed me "Brier" when I was five and he ten years old. In a pitched battle for supremacy he had boxed my ears. I fastened one hand in his hair, the nails of the other upon his face. I was very much ashamed of the story and of the long scar, like an untimely wrinkle, crossing his freckled cheek. But I still *hated* him when he used the unlucky word in teasing or rebuke. Miss Virginia's amiable tact had drawn the sting from this a year ago, when he had goaded me to stormy but ineffectual tears. She scolded him—still sweetly—for "persecuting a little girl," and taking me upon her lap, averred "that Sweetbrier was her favorite flower, in bloom and out. It was sweet and spicy, and no more thorny than was necessary to keep rude boys at a distance. She meant to call me by no other name."

Uncle Archie was a spectator of the scene, and the next day transplanted a thrifty root of sweetbrier from the woods to a bed of prepared soil beside the front porch, Miss Virginia superintending the pretty bit of horticulture. It had taken root forthwith and flourished apace. Uncle Archie had the "lucky touch" with roots and slips. They grew when and wherever he set them. While she looked over my shoulder, with kindly offers of assistance gratefully and conscientiously declined, he joined us; a spray of sweetbrier—a rose, two buds and a cluster of the odorous leaves—in his hand. He offered it to her, smiling silently, when "Good mornings" had been exchanged.

"It grows lovelier every day," said she, accepting the gift without spoken thanks.

She inhaled the breath of the opened flower long enough for my eyes—and perhaps others—to note how perfectly the pale rose-tint matched her cheeks, then

pinned it at the top of her corsage, where it rested against the pearly skin. I thought how few women could risk the contrast safely, and how free from vain imaginations was this paragon of her sex.

The pair began a slow promenade of the porch while awaiting the summons to prayers. I tried faithfully to concentrate my powers of observation upon Emerson and the day's sums (we did not call them "examples"). I did keep my eyes upon the page and my lips moved in mechanical iteration. In the calm light of day and the steady progress of a restored train of ideas, I had compunctious visitings as to yesterday's eavesdropping. I would hear nothing now—if I could help it—that was not directed with conscious intent, to my ears. Yet whence was I, inquisitive little sinner that I was, to draw the moral courage to exclude from these organs the trickle of such tempting sentences as were projected toward me with each turn of their stroll at my end of the piazza? Hearing, I could not but heed; heeding, I laid up and pondered then and remember now.

"You are unjust to yourself. Indeed, you have never had justice done you!" The deliverance was so silvery distinct that it reached me from the other extremity of the promenade. "I am angry whenever I recollect that you had to give up the hope of an education and settle down at nineteen to a farmer's life."

"An education" meant a collegiate course. The Reads belonged to what Dr. Holmes has taught us to call the "Brahmin Caste"—"that in which aptitude for learning is congenital and hereditary. Their names," he goes on to say, "are always on some college catalogue or other. They break out every generation or two in some learned labor which calls them up after they seem to have died out."

Young as I was, I understood that not to be college-bred was very near akin to loss of caste; shrank from the touch on a sore place at this overt allusion to what was seldom mentioned in the family. Mammy and Aunt Betsey had, between them, let me into the secret, enjoining discretion upon me, as it was "a great grief to Grandma."

"It was unavoidable," I heard Uncle Archie say, with no haste of self-vindication, but rather as if allaying another's disappointment.

Again the silvery, somewhat thin voice in reply:

"Yes, I know! Maria told me one day last year—how it was decided that, since your mother could afford, at that time, to educate but one of you, you, as the eldest son, should of course enter college; how, the very day before you were to set out—after your trunk was packed—you happened to find Sterling lying flat on his face in the woods, crying—"

The rest was lost in the distance. When they neared me again Uncle Archie was speaking.

"He has fine talents. I knew this, then as well as I do now, that he has proved by his college career what stuff he is made of. He will be a man of mark should his life be spared. I deserve no credit for what you call a sacrifice. I should have committed a *crime* had I—"

The girl came to a full stop midway in the porch at their next round; set her foot down hard and looked full at him, eyes flashing and lips pouting.

"I can't bear to hear you say that, Mr. Read! 'No talent to speak of!' You 'lay claim to nothing better than hard, common sense!' Don't you know that stupid, ordinary people—and so many of those we meet are stupid and ordinary!—will take you at your own valuation? will believe your slanders of yourself? Mr. Sterling Read is very brilliant, I've no doubt, but his mind

is no better or stronger than yours. Why *will* you fret me by insisting upon the contrary? Don't I *know* you?"

Italics convey no just sense of the eloquent shades of emphasis, nor would a word-portrait of the changeful face uplifted to the morning light. The pale rose was damask red, her eyes gleamed moistly. She plucked nervously, leaf after leaf, from a jasmine streamer, to throw them on the floor. Her little slipper beat the devil's tattoo on the oaken boards.

Uncle Archie stood looking at her until I felt that I must jump up and run away. With fragments of old novels drifting through my mind, I should not have been astonished to see him drop upon one knee and break forth into three pages of rhapsodical declaration. Then, before I could gather up limbs and book for escape, he seemed to take hold of himself, to curb something that strained and tore at the rein. So tremendous was the mental battle that his bronzed cheek grew sallow, one big, forked vein stood out turbidly in his forehead, his hands unclosed and clenched as in a spasm. He swallowed hard, as the girl's eyes gradually sank under his; wet his lips with his tongue before he spoke—very quietly and deliberately even for him, who was seldom impulsive or rash of utterance.

"You are very good to think so well of me. But I am not affecting humility when I say that my brothers are more gifted than I, intellectually. I liked to study when at school. They love learning for its own sake. They speak fluently and effectively. I handle my mother tongue with difficulty, and know no other, having forgotten the little Latin and less Greek drilled into me when a boy. The bent of my mind is practical. I think I shall make, in time, a tolerable planter. I could never succeed at the law as Sterling will, or in the ministry as Wythe will, should he hold to his purpose of becoming a preacher. He has always nursed this notion"—laughing a little to relieve the stiffness both were beginning to feel and show—"ever since he used to collect the little negroes under the big walnut tree and preach to them against the sin of eating clay. For two centuries there has never been wanting in our family a man to stand before the Lord. Each generation has had one or more ministers of the gospel."

"I know it is a way they have!" She was fingering the upper rail of the balustrade as she would a keyboard, gazing into the distance. "It is a noble profession."

"The highest man can follow," responded Uncle Archie as sententiously.

"You would have made a *good* minister, yet *preferred* to be a farmer!"

"I obeyed the call as I heard it."

"Ah, well, there is no use wishing now, I suppose!"

She tossed out both plump hands with the action of one who puts aside something definitely and decidedly. The sweetbrier rose, blown to the full, was shaken by the motion, and a rain of loosened petals fell, unnoticed by either, among the strewn jasmine leaves.

"Doing is better than wishing—as a rule," said Uncle Archie, still avoiding looking directly at her—"but less pleasant."

His eyes were fixed on the pine crown of the opposite hill. Their expression robbed the words of commonplaceness. Neither of the twain seemed to address the other in these latter sentences. I saw Miss Virginia steal one look at him, questioning, pleading, as loath to believe herself foiled or mistaken.

A bell tinkled in the hall, and I arose to follow them to the parlor. Miss Virginia walked on to the open front door, paused for an instant there, waiting until

Aunt Maria should join her. The sunlight, creeping aslant across the polished floor, struck full on her face, and I was shocked at its pallor—a strange, bluish tint touching her very lips. Was she angry with Uncle Archie? Had he wounded her to the heart? She looked just as usual when she took her place beside her friend in the silent group at the top of the long room. The house-servants, eight in number, including Mammy and "Mam" Peggy, the cook, ranged themselves near the entrance; Uncle Archie had the armchair that had been his father's. A round stand at his right hand supported the Family Bible, the leathern covers black with age and glossed by handling. His mother sat nearest him on one side, Aunt Betsey next to her.

"Looking forth as the morning, fair as the sun, clear as the moon!" repeated I, inly, in surveying them.

Their white hands, beautiful still in form and texture, were folded upon their mourning-dresses. Caps and frilled tuckers were pure and crisp. The sisters never looked hot in summer, or cold in winter. Just now their thoughts and hearts were fixed, their eyes deep and clear with holy calm.

Uncle Archie was not yet twenty-seven, yet no one saw incongruity in his position as patriarch and priest of the household. Sedate beyond his years with the pressure of premature care and thought-taking for others, his mother's strong right arm, the guardian and mentor of three younger children, he yet bore himself with the chastened reverence of a youthful disciple in the High Presence to which he now summoned others.

The service began with a hymn, given out two lines at a time, and sung by us all, Mr. Bradley raising and leading the tune of "Mear."

"Lord! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye."

Aunt Betsey sang tenor. We children called it "the tribble," and were proud of her accomplishment. It was a part much affected by musical ladies of her generation. At forty, her voice was clear and sound. I never hear old "Mear," "St. Anne's," "China," or "Dundee," without fancying that I discern her bell-like rendering of the highest notes of the staff, the tuneful rise above the other voices of certain bars in which she felt especially at home, an occasional holding and slurring not set down in the score, as if she loved some passages too well to let them go at once. She warbled as a bird sings, chin and brow slightly upraised, lips just parted, eyes steady and serene, and was followed at harmonious distances by air and counter, all upborne and marshaled by Uncle Archie's base, firm and true like himself.

It was the custom in Presbyterian families to take the Bible "in course" at morning prayers, one long chapter or two short ones each day, leaving the selection of the chapter read at evening to the reader's judgment. We had begun with Genesis on New Year's Day. The nineteenth chapter of Second Kings was the portion in order for this morning. Uncle Archie read in his round, clear voice, with no pretense of elocutionary effect, all the thirty-seven verses. If there had been seventy-four we should have had the unabated tale of Scripture. The fashion of hanging illuminated texts on the walls of living-rooms had not then been invented, but above the high mantel of the dining-room was a framed sentence written in paled ink on yellowing paper—

"PRAYER AND PROVENDER HINDER NO MAN'S JOURNEY."

Sterling Read, my grandfather, had penned it in bold,

clerly characters for the admonition of children, servants and guests.

There was time for thirty-seven-verse Bible readings and stately-phrased petitions and well-grounded beliefs in that age when sewing, spinning, reaping and threshing were done by hand. We hearkened, one and all, to the history of Hezekiah's grievous strait in view of the threatened invasion of the Assyrians. How he spread the matter before the Lord and received gracious promises of deliverance; held our breaths in awe and thankfulness at the finale in which was portrayed with sublime brevity the overthrow of the enemies of the Daughter of Zion, the blasphemers of the Holy One of Israel.

"And it came to pass in that night that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses," said the quiet, deliberate accents of the reader.

The eyes of all were riveted upon his visage, and while the words were passing his lips a sudden stir of breaths—not one of us moving hand, foot or head—was perceptible in the hushed room. It was, as I have said, a long parlor. Full white curtains with knotted fringes were looped away from the windows, of which there were four. Those at the back were shaded by the piazza. About the front clambered a riotous growth of roses. The air was laden with their breath and that of the lilies banked at their roots. As Uncle Archie read the verse above quoted, a vagrant pencil of sunlight pierced the woven branches and struck his cheek. It broadened into a beam, the lower part shivering on his shoulder and spotting his gray coat and vest with the blue-green tint that changed his healthful complexion to ghastliness. There was not an exclamation at the phenomenon. In profound ignorance of it, he gave the two verses that remained of the chapter, closed the book upon "And Esarhaddon, his son, reigned in his stead," adjusted the ribbon book-mark, laid the Bible on the stand, and arose to his feet. The baleful beam and blotches quivered and glanced with the movement, touching his hands and white pantaloons, and when he knelt, rested on his black hair. Peeping between the fingers with which I decorously barred by face, I saw the clustering masses take on the greenish lustre of a crow's wing as he began, in low, measured tones, never employed on secular occasions, the customary formula:

"Almighty and Most Merciful God, our Heavenly Father."

After that the power of listening was denied to me. It was wicked and without precedent in a girl who knew herself to be, as she had been told again and again, "quite old enough to follow in her heart the petitions offered in church and at family worship," but I felt that I would rather die than not adventure a second look, just to make sure that I had not imagined the horrid hue. I opened a wider crack, twisted my body slightly to the left from my kneeling position in the shadow of Aunt Maria's chair. People took positions then at prayers, the easiest compatible with devout decorum, for they were not to be varied without weighty cause until the "Amen!" was said. The breeze that had blown aside the branches was a smart puff that had not yet died out. Other streaks and splashes of sunshine were playing through the interstices. A green corona encircled the mob of Grandma's cap. Short, crooked rays, like fingers, clutched at Miss Virginia's shoulder. Aunt Betsey's calm profile, bent upon her clasped hands, was bathed in dye as deep

as the color of a robin's egg, with variations of dull pea-green. While I stared, fascinated and horrified, I saw Miss Virginia lift her head slowly and glance around at Uncle Archie. Then her dilated eyes swept the whole company, and she shuddered aside from the crooking fingers, as if feeling as well as seeing them.

I lowered my hands in the instinctive desire for sympathy, if I could not get reassurance. Our regards met, asked of one another, "What does it mean?" and traveled in company around the room until we reached the kneeling row of servants. There we perceived what we had not before noticed in our intent observation of the semi-circle about the Bible-stand, that the window nearest the door being less densely overgrown than the others, let in a broader stream of light. The white curtains seemed to be lined with green, and between them a peak of cadaverous sunshine was cast upon the floor. Right in the centre of this knelt Michael, over a wooden cricket he had brought in with him. Beyond his kneeling attitude he made no pretense of devotion. He grinned openly, half in terror, half in enjoyment of a novelty, when he caught our eyes; his eye-balls rolled from one to the other. Thirty years later I saw a Herculeum bronze that brought back to me his aspect at that instant—a greenish-black satyr's head. His hair was an ugly thing to see. It was a bushy shock, well-combed by his mother within an hour, and the light pierced it at the apex, changing it into the likeness of crisped grass writhing in the heat of an oven.

"For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!"

The speaker was the only person there utterly unconscious of any interruption of the solemnity of the service, yet it was significant of the training and manners of the day that none of us hurried the rising from our devout posture. Nor when we were upright did any one speak for a moment. We stood gazing about us spell-bound by the increasing strangeness of the spectacle. The glare and color were so much intensified since we knelt down that eyes just unclosed were immediately impressed with the phenomenon.

Mr. Bradley spoke first.

"Let us see what this means!" he said, walking quickly to the front door.

We trooped after him into the porch.

The tranquil landscape I had seen yesterday afternoon bathed in sunset smiles lay now like an accursed region. Uncle Archie used to liken it to the face of a man he had once seen dying of cholera, and to insist that hills and trees seemed shrunken and drawn, as were his features. The image is more apt than any other I can summon in the recollection. The sun shone in an unclouded sky. There was no haze about it, or on the most distant hills visible to us. The awful change was in the burning disk itself, or in the light emitted by it. Some declared that both were blue, others that they were green. To this day the prodigy is referred to by eye-witnesses of it, sometimes as "the blue," sometimes as "the green days." The truth lay between these descriptions. The color changed from time to time, at irregularly recurrent intervals, and suddenly or gradually with like irregularity. For hours of morning, noon or afternoon it was a dingy blue, with the greenish reflections I have mentioned; again for whole hours the more portentous dull green prevailed. At times both faded into milder shades that promised a return of clear light. The effect was lugubrious and depressing throughout the continuance of what was esteemed inexplicable and ominous in the absence of knowledge of chemical analyses of sun-rays and scientific acquaintance with the possible vagaries of the source of heat and radiance.

"It is very singular!" mused Uncle Archie aloud, after going out as far as the yard gate to see if the tinge were generally diffused over heavens and earth.

"What you s'pose it means, Mars' Archie?"

The young master paused, his foot on the bottom step of the porch. At the corner of the house nearest the kitchen were collected the plantation negroes, fifty or more in number. Mothers had babies in their arms; men had come in from the fields with hoes, scythes and rakes in hand; two or three sick persons had arisen from bed and dressed hastily in the first garments that came to hand. The questioner was an old man in the front rank of the affrighted gang. He was attired in jacket and trousers of unbleached cotton homespun, and his hair was of the same yellowish-white. The ashes of age and alarm lay on his sooty forehead and cheeks.

"It arises from some peculiar state of the atmosphere, Uncle Windsor," returned Uncle Archie lightly. "It will probably pass away in a little while."

"You don't s'pose, den," tentatively, "dat it's one o' dem signs in de heaven above dat's to come 'pon de nations o' de yearth, sah, befo' de Las' Day?"

"I have no idea that it means anything of the kind, my good friend," in the same tone of easy good nature.

"Nor de token o' some heavy judgment dat's goin' for to fall 'pon some folks somewhar, sah? Same-like de tower o' Sillyum, dat mashed eighteen?" the man drew nearer to say.

A low chorus of groans and "um-hums!" from the women ensued upon this erudite query. The signs of gathering excitement did not escape the master's notice. He glanced somewhat sternly at the palpitating throng, but his smile and voice were unchanged.

"The Lord writes His prophecies in plainer print than that, Uncle Windsor," waving his hand toward the sky. "He tells us that when He posts notices and puts up sign-boards for us there will be no danger of misunderstanding them; that 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein, and he that runs may read.'"

The old fellow, privileged by age beyond the rank and file of his fellows, shook his head.

"But ain't we tole too, sah, dat in order to read 'em, we mus' hav de applyin' eye an' de seein' ear an' de willin' heart? 'Twon't do to trammel through de yearth like moles, Mars' Archie, nor yit like bats, dat shets dey eyes an' goes to sleep in a holler tree soon 's de sun gits up. What you think we all better do 'bout dis yer 'sturbance of de iliments?"

He, too, waved his hand upward, but oratorically.

The smile was a pleasant laugh.

"I am going in to breakfast. Those of you who have had yours may stop at the cider-press for a drink as you go back to work. You, Uncle Windsor, can step to the kitchen and tell Mam Peggy to give you a cup of coffee. Then take a comfortable smoke out there in the shade. Have you any tobacco?"

"We was a-thinkin' o' holdin' an all-day pra'-meetin' sah," continued the spokesman, apparently deaf to the tempting suggestions. "Ef so be de wrath o' de Almighty mought be turn' away, an' His fiery 'dignation be drawed back into Heaven. For I been hear dat de Good Book say, My young marster, how in dat day shall de sun be darken' an' de moon shell not give her light, an' de stars shell drap 'pon de yearth, same like de 'timely figs is shook off by de win'. 'Pears like I ken see mos' all dem things dis bery day," falling into the sing-song of the negro exhorter; "an' what dey say to one dey say to all, young an' old, bon' an' free, 'Prepar' to meet de Lord at His comin'! Turn to de Lord an' make his parths straight, an' t'ar yo' hearts an' not yo' guarments! It's sech a day as you think not maybe, Mars' Archie!"

An outburst of sighs, shrill groans and sobs from the women behind him was waxing into the swinging hum, like an inarticulate chant, common to the race in seasons of religious fervor, when Uncle Archie turned about sharply.

"None of that, there!" he said, authoritatively. "Eight hundred and thirty-one years ago, one thousand years after the birth of our Saviour, people got the idea into their heads that the end of the world was at hand. They held all-day prayer-meetings by the month, and repented and cried and waited for the sound of the trumpet until the fields they had not planted were high with weeds, and there was no bread to put into their children's mouths. Thousands starved to death. Now, hear me! I mean that the work of this plantation shall go on as long as there is light enough to show the difference between cotton and tobacco, and for you to see the rows of corn. What concern would it be of yours if the sun should turn as blue as indigo! Leave all that to One wiser and mightier than we are, and be off to your business every one of you! If I were sure that this was the last day of the world I could give you no better advice than to do the day's work better than ever before. I can repeat Scripture, too, Uncle Windsor, and I remember that the Wise Man said, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!'"

An expressive gesture in the direction of kitchen and quarters was the signal of dispersion. The crowd melted quietly away. In less than a minute the party on the porch were left to themselves. Uncle Archie mounted the steps.

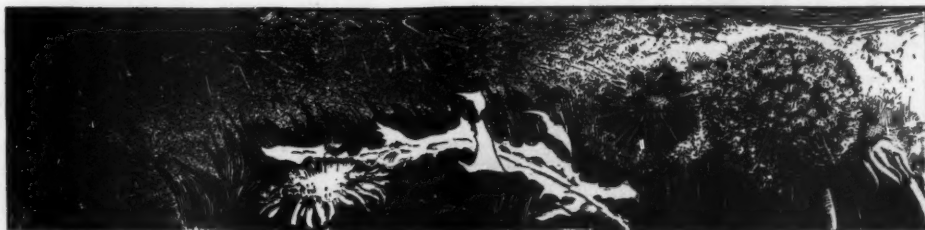
"Is breakfast ready, mother?"

He wiped his forehead, moved and spoke as one weary or harassed.

Miss Virginia pinched my arm as Grandma led the way to the dining-room.

"Wasn't he *splendid*?" she whispered. "For all that—I don't dare let him know it—but I'm scared out of my senses! I do believe that something is going to happen!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MISERY'S PEAR TREE—A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD

Misery over the embers sat,
The night was chill and the hearth was cold,
Her sole companion a brindled cat,
And both were crooked and cross and old.

Old as Time was Misery's self;
Wretched, poor and forlorn was she;
And the only thing on her cupboard shelf
She prized was the fruit from an old pear tree.

The pear tree grew in her garden small,
And the fruit thereon was so choice and sweet
The sale of it furnished the old crone all
The money she needed for food to eat.

'Twas all the treasure she owned indeed,
And she watched the bud and the leaf unfold,
As a miser, full of his sordid greed,
Watches the growth of his hoarded gold.

But the boys of the neighborhood, quick to see
The toothsome treasures beside her door,
Stole the fruit from Misery's tree
Year after year, and it vexed her sore.



And as she over the embers sat,
With sighs lamenting her cruel fate,
She heard at the knocker a rat-tat-tat!
That made her start, for the hour was late.

The hour was late, and the winds so chill
Moaned and muttered along the floor,
And she said to herself, "He brings more ill
Who comes unbidden to Misery's door."

But one, who entered with muffled cloak,
In form and feature inspired no dread,
And sweet was the voice with which he spoke
And asked for a drink and a bit of bread.

"Bread I have none," said the withered crone;
"But such as I have you are free to share."
And she took from the shelf where it stood alone
A luscious, mellow and juicy pear.

Her guest partook, and the fruit he praised,
And then, with a smile that no words could
paint,
The hood of his shrouding cloak he raised
And showed the face of her patron saint.

"Ask what thou wilt of me; have no fear,"
He said to Misery, old and gray.
"For kindly greeting and goodly cheer,
Ask what thou wilt; I will repay."





The fruit was rare, and the price it brought
Was all her income; but few she sold
Because of the boys; and the ruin wrought
By them could never in words be told.

As over the threshold the good saint went
He left his blessing—no gift more free;
And Misery took up her tasks, content
That a watch was set o'er her dear pear tree.

Misery's door has no need of lock,
And 'tis easy enough to lift the latch;
So Death came in with never a knock,
And told his errand with swift dispatch.

"Misery, come; I have waited long;
You are old in years, and the world is tired
Of such as you. By a countless throng
Of mortals your absence is much desired."

Pale and wan, from his frozen stare
Misery cowered with bated breath,
Like a wild beast driven into his lair
By the one implacable enemy—Death.

Her face, her gestures said plainly, "Go!"
But Death resolved to make no delay
With this child of Want, the sister of Woe,
Who came to earth on his natal day.

Then Misery whispers, "Oh, let me taste
Once more, ere I go, my delicious pears!"
"Nay, nay!" says Death; "you've no time to waste,
But I'll gather them all while you say your prayers."

He climbs the tree, and each bough then coils
As if with Briarean prowess fraught,
Till Death in these huge embracing toils
Like a fly in a spider's web is caught.

Then Misery has a chance to laugh
And mock at his struggles himself to free,
While Time with his mystical cryptograph
Adorns the trunk of the old pear tree.

The earth rolls on and the world grows old;
Disease and sickness and pain increase,
And hearts are heavy with grief untold,
Yet Death comes not to give souls release.

Life is a burden. Want and Woe,
Grim and ghost-like and hollow-eyed,
Hand in hand through the wide world go,
And human ills are intensified.

Doctor Cure-all was in disrepute
With the young and aged, the weak and
strong,
For the orchards of life were thick with fruit,
All shriveled, that hung on the boughs too
long.

And mortals wondered; their strong appeal
Arose like a pestilential breath;
And writhing agony longed to feel
The touch of the wonderful healer, Death.

So the world goes round; and the gift we deem
A priceless blessing, and dread its loss,
Will lose its beauty ere long, and seem
But a dull and valueless bit of dross.

And Doctor Cure-all, who had kept at bay
The vampire sucking each mortal's breath,
An exile, wandered about all day
In search of his whilom partner, Death.

In Misery's door-yard there he found
The one he sought; and he smiled to see
The conquering one like a prisoner bound
Firm and fast in an old pear tree.

"Aha!" he cried; "now I'll rescue him,
And the world will honor my name and fame."
And seizing hold of a friendly limb,
Close to the captive he gladly came.

But the joy that thrilled him was quickly past;
The smile on his features soon changed to pain;
For the branches, like serpents, held him fast,
And his labors and struggles were all in vain.

"Misery! Misery!" loud he cried;
"Haste! oh, haste to release your friend!"
And Misery out to the pear tree hied
To mock at those who would fain descend.

"What wonderful fruit there is on my tree!"
She said, unmoved by their fierce complaint;
For neither one of them could get free
Without the aid of the patron saint.

"Misery!" Doctor Cure-all cried,
"Why treat your friend like a cruel foe?
My place in the world can be ill supplied;
Release me speedily! let me go!"



And Misery, hearing the cries
of both,
With slow relenting, in
Death's despite,
Declared herself to be nothing loath
To rid her tree of one parasite.

So at her bidding the bonds were
loosed
That held the doctor in close
embrace,
And, as flies a bird from unfriendly
roost,
He sped away from the doleful
place.

Then Death, who never a dart withheld
From mother, children, husband or wife,
But the brightest and best in their beauty felled,
Though hearts might plead for a dear one's life

With tears of blood—making piteous moan,
That shook the tree from limb to limb—
Death begged. Ah! when had he mercy shown,
That one should be merciful unto him?

'Twas worse than the north wind's pitiless breath—
Worse than the growling of hungry bears—
This dismal, dolorous plaint of Death,
And she feared 'twould hurt the taste of her pears.

"Misery! Misery!" still he moaned
Night and day, for he took no rest;
And Misery, thinking it over, owned
'Twas wise to listen to his request.

But she parleyed awhile with Death, then said:
"On one condition I'll set you free."

"Name it!" he cried, as he crouched o'erhead.
"Tis this: *that you never come back for me.*"

"Granted!" he cried, with a fiendish howl
That shook the icicles down like hail,
And back from his head dropped the snow-white
cowl—
From his limbs the fetters and coat-of-mail.

And the north wind bore him far, far away
From Misery's dwelling. 'Twas thus that she,
Exempt from Death, to this very day
On earth enjoys immortality.

ALL OUT-DOORS.—IV.

By E. C. GARDNER, Author of "The House That Jill Built," etc.

"WHAT kind of orders do you want?"

"I want to know what to say to these people who are convulsed with internal commotion, and on the verge of civil war, all on account of a few old shade trees."

"Say nothing. If in trying to follow my advice you went a long way beyond it, there is nothing to be done but wait until your neighbors have time to overtake you."

"I didn't go beyond it. You said there were three times as many shade trees in our streets as there ought to be. I drew it mildly, and said twice as many."

"But what else did you say?"

"Well, I'm not a man to be satisfied with talk when there's anything to be done, and I said of course the sooner we got to work the better."

"You simply told the people to go home and cut down half the trees on their places."

"Yes, or words to that effect; and you said the same yourself, only more so. Are you going back on it now?"

"What we say depends on how we say it, where we say it, and whom we are addressing. I was speaking to one man of common sense, and at least average intelligence."

"Thank you!"

"You were talking to all who happened to hear. It's usually safe to whisper the truth in the ear, but a man who attempts to proclaim it without reserve from the housetop must expect to be abated as a common nuisance. I don't wonder Miss Boker spoke in meeting and the deacon cried aloud. They thought of their grand and gracious old elms, their sturdy oaks, the green, swelling domes of the maples, and the polished arms of the sycamores, which not all the wealth of the trunk railway corporations could restore if once destroyed. They would have been stupid, indeed, if they had not raised a cry of protest. Suppose they had taken your advice literally, rushed for their axes and commenced cutting down trees, don't you know that half of them would have taken those that ought to have been left and left those that ought to have been taken? How many men of your acquaintance would you trust to go into your own yard and cut out half the trees,

even if you knew there were twice or three times as many as there ought to be? I'd almost as soon set a layman to amputate human limbs in a hospital as the average axe-wielder to pruning a grove of trees. It is undoubtedly true that your village, like multitudes of other villages, especially in the eastern and older states, would be healthier, wealthier and wiser if a large portion of these precious ornaments

were laid aside. But beware how you trust the axe in profane or unskillful hands. This pruning must be done by an expert, by a man of culture, taste and conscience, as well as of botanical knowledge and common sense, and, as far as possible, it should be done by one person. When your people get over their excitement on the subject, which will take a year at least, choose some one whom you know and can trust to go through the town, marking the trees and branches whose room is more valuable than their presence. They will make wood enough for all the poor families in town and brush for a magnificent bonfire. If he is the right man he can give such good reason for his course that his advice will be followed without a protest. Meanwhile—"

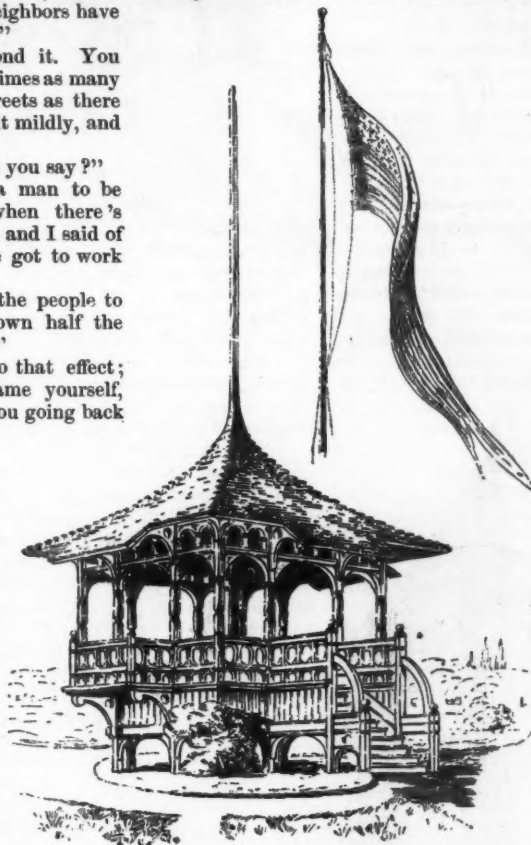
"Yes, meanwhile something must be done. You may know something about houses and lands, but if you think I'm going to give up the village improvement you have something yet to learn of human nature. We have an adjourned meeting this week: I haven't resigned and don't intend to. I'm bound to put this thing through. If you can't help me, say so, and I'll shake the dust off my feet and depart."

"Sit down! sit down! There is no hurry. What sort of a cemetery have you in town?"

"Oh, I'm not ready for the cemetery yet! We have two. The old one is right in the village, close by the Presbyterian Church. It isn't used much, and looks pretty shabby. Nothing ever seems to thrive in it but golden rod, dwarf sumach and briars. They say all the goodness in the soil went up long ago with the souls of the saints whose bodies lie there. The new one, is out of the village. Part of it is in the woods, part of it a barren plain. I reckon the spot was chosen because the land wasn't good for anything else."

"Have you a brass band in town?"

"Yes, but they don't play at funerals, not as a rule."



HEAD-QUARTERS OF PATRIOTISM.

"Any good watering-troughs?"

"Yes, two or three—hollow logs and old barrels."

"Is there a river or fresh-water pond within a mile of the post-office?"

"Prout's Brook; navigable by small boys in the spring of the year. That runs straight through the village. But when the grown-up's want a fresh-water sail, they go over to Willis' pond, a mile and a half away."

"Soldiers, of course, went from your town who are not yet forgotten. Have you any memorial of them?"

"No, not yet—been talking of it for the last twenty years."

"Have you a good flag-staff?"

"Half a dozen poor ones—but what of it?"

"Well, at your next meeting say nothing more about cutting down shade trees, but be as eloquent as you please on the subject of making the old churchyard at least clean and tidy. It isn't necessary to destroy the golden rod and sumach. Keep them within bounds, and they are among nature's kindest and most cheerful helpers. Show to your friends, if you can, what a disgraceful thing it is to treat the last resting-place of former generations with the most conspicuous neglect and irreverence. The heathen Chinese is vastly more civilized and consistent in this respect. If this old burial-ground is not used, it would be foolish to build elaborate gateways and try to keep the walks and drives in a freshly-graveled condition; but it should, at least, be free from rubbish and covered with green turf. The mounds of the graves should be but slightly raised. In-



A MONUMENTAL ENTRANCE.

deed, it is better not to raise them at all. The head and foot stones sufficiently mark the narrow beds, and the smooth, level surface can easily be kept green and luxuriant. Don't shave it every week with the lawnmower. Let the timothy, the red-top and the clover grow to the fullness of their beauty. Let the daisies show their white and purple disks and the buttercups lift their golden shells. There is no poetry in the thought of resting beneath the sod when the sod is a loose pile of gravel capped by broken pieces of withered turf. Take away the trees and plants that grow sick and discouraged as soon as they are neglected. Have



REST FOR THE WEARY.

pity on them, and bury them, keeping the sumach, the golden rod, the wild blackberry vines and the native shrubs that will grow gratefully if you allow them a humble corner in which to strike their roots. Don't advise your friends to keep cut-flowers on the graves of their great-great-grandfathers; but persuade them, if you can, to allow some thrifty farmer to keep the grass in a healthful condition, and, for the sake of a good crop of hay, to clear away the troublesome weeds and remove all signs of neglect and decay."

"Hold on a bit," said John. "If I carry out your programme, they will call us the village destruction society. Leveling the sods of our ancestors' graves will be worse than cutting down the trees they planted. I shall be offered a free pass out of town if I follow your advice."

"You know your own congregation best. If it isn't safe for you to preach the Gospel by precept, try example. Your neighbors will surely vote for improving the cemeteries, and you, as 'the chair,' will appoint a committee for the purpose. By private persuasion you can easily induce certain ones to adopt the fashion of leveling the mounds made above the graves, giving the place, so far as the walks, the drives, the shrubbery and the surface of the ground are concerned, precisely the appearance of any well-planned and well-kept public or private park, leaving its special purpose to be indicated by the monuments alone. A suitable inclosing fence will be needed to keep out hurtful intrusion of animals, and of course the more durable it is—the better able to maintain itself without future repairs and renewals—the more suitable it will be for this or for any public situation. I will give you a few simple designs of varying cost and style.

Likewise an entrance or gateway of a somewhat monumental character is appropriate. Such a structure may perhaps be given by some one who would prefer such a visible memorial of a friend or relative to the more common form of monumental structures. But I didn't propose to shut you up in the cemetery. That is only one of the many subjects on which, since you seem to have jumped out of your own pasture, you ought to be able to induce your neighbors to work heartily together. You say you have a good brass band. If there isn't a suitable place for them to play out of doors summer evenings—"

"There isn't. They use the basement of the old town-hall, and it's a fearful place, I can tell you."

"Well, build them a stand on the pleasantest central place you can find. There is probably a fork of the roads somewhere in the village, a waste bit of land at some crossing of streets, or possibly a spot will be given by some generous citizen, which an afternoon's 'bee' of a dozen young men will convert into a charming little park. Upon this build as pretty a stand as you can afford. If you combine with it a first-rate flag-staff

otism it will be better than nothing, and you will find that setting out trees and improving the highways is more intimately related to honest voting and sound statesmanship than you have supposed. Once get your neighbors to enter heartily into your village improvement schemes and you will find a constantly-increasing number of them will vote—"

"Hold on again! If this thing has got to be mixed up with politics—"

"Everything is mixed up with politics—that is, with public welfare. If you are public-spirited you are a politician, whether you belong to any party or not. You will find your neighbors, as I was about to say, voting on the right side, which means from well-considered and conscientious motives."

"Perhaps you're right," said John, "and I'm much obliged for your able and interesting address. It wasn't exactly what I came for, but I can see a little way ahead, and we needn't go into the water privileges or the soldiers' memorial to-day."

Whether John returned wiser than he came may be doubtful. His zeal, however, was unabated, and he carried sketches of some gateways for the

new cemetery, of a patriotic band-stand, and a sheltered seat near it, for the benefit of invalids who wish to hear the band play, but are afraid of the falling dew, and for the disabled veterans who are too modest to appear upon the platform on public holidays. With a discretion born of his late experience, he called first on Miss Boker, unfolding his ideas of the band-stand, and emphasizing the fact that the *young* people were to take that in hand. She was full of enthusiasm, and declared it should be made an oasis of beauty and a hallowed shrine. He then enlisted Deacon Peak in the cemetery improvements.

On reaching home he was greeted with a volley of questions from Mrs. John.

"Did you ask about adding a carriage porch to our house?"

"Oh, no; I forgot it."

"Or about Mrs. Willoughby's terraces?"

"Not a word. The fact is—"

"How could you be so careless! I charged you especially not to forget Mrs. Willoughby. Did you get the color for Mrs. Smith's house?"

"Not a color—not a shadow!"

"Oh, John! How could you! They'll go and paint it bright red or some other dreadful hue, if they happen to hear it's fashionable, and we shall have to sit in the glare of it for another half-dozen years. I wish people would remember that the color of their houses is a public matter, and concerns their neighbors a great deal more that it does themselves. Of course, you showed the

architect the plan of Sister Jane's lot?"

But John was obliged to confess that Sister Jane's commission was still folded in his overcoat pocket.

"Well," said Mrs. John, "I do believe there is nothing upon earth so exasperating in a family or a neighborhood as a 'public-spirited' man!"



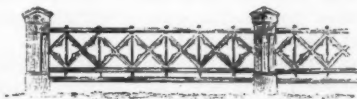
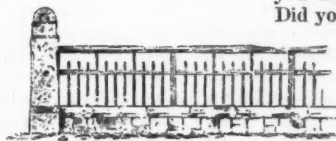
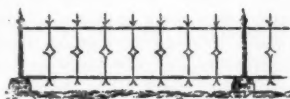
A CLOSED PORTAL.

a hundred feet high, and make the place the rallying-ground on Fourth of July and other public occasions, you will increase the interest in the project and double its value."

"I don't know about that. Our young folks don't take much stock in the glorious Fourth."

"More's the pity—if it stands, as it ought, for patriotic feeling. For my part, I believe heartily in 'the Day we Celebrate,' in a formal, stated and public recognition of the fact that we are fellow-citizens of a republic whose national achievement already deserves our profoundest reverence, and whose promise transcends human prophecy. I believe heartily in a fitting acknowledgment of our public obligations, and can see nothing but calamity and failure when this is tacitly ignored, or treated with open indifference. By all means have the flag-staff—the taller the better—Fourth-of-July jubilees and patriotic speeches, interspersed with 'Hail Columbia' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Even the spread-eagle form of patriotism stands for such vital truths and momentous principles that we cannot afford to neglect its visible expression. The children need it, or they will grow up in profound ignorance of the fact that they have public interests and public duties. The 'foreign element' needs it, or it will never learn that there are no foreigners in America and never will be; that every man who has a right to vote is a full-blooded

American citizen, entitled to the same rights, exercising the same authority—the same in kind—and having the same responsibility for good government and righteous laws as if he had come over in the *Mayflower* and had lived here ever since. If you can stir up your people even to the semblance of patri-



BARRIERS SIMPLE AND ENDURING.

THE POET OF THE VIOLIN.*

THE VIOLIN.

Oh, fair to see!
Fashioned in witchery!
With purled curves outlining
Thine airy form, soft shining,
In mould like ripening maiden,
Budding and beauty-laden;
Thou 'rt naught but wood and string,
Crowned with a carved scroll,
Yet when we hear thee sing
We deem thou hast a soul.

In some old tree
Was born thy melody—
Its boughs with breezes playing,
Its trunk to tempests swaying,
Carol of wild-birds singing,
The woodman's axe loud ringing;
Light arch of forest limb
Curving thine every line,
Tones of the forest hymn
Grown ripe in thee like wine.

Lightly the bow,
As if with life aglow,
Thy mystic grace revealing,
Shall set the witches dancing;
With classic notes entrancing,
Touch deepest chords of feeling.
Thy secret caves resound
As where enchanting elves,
Flinging the echoes 'round,
Blithely disport themselves.

How wild thy glee!
How sweet thy harmony!
Murmur of light heart dreaming,
Voice of the valkyr screaming,
Song of the cascade's dashings,
Dance of auroral flashings!
O weird and wondrous thing!
Whate'er thy mood of art,
To wail or laugh or sing,
Thou 'rt monarch of the heart.

HARTFORD, Conn., June, 1883.

A. J. SAGE.

THERE is a Norse legend—which once took the shape of gossip, and was accredited to Ole Bull, to account for the magical power he exercised over his audiences—telling how a lad held his violin to the lips of his dying mother, and how it ever after breathed the sweetest, strangest, most supernatural tones. The story has its meaning, inasmuch as the violin is an interpreter, and repeats what its player tells it, until at last, in obedience to physical laws, each instrument indeed comes to have a distinctive soul of its own.

The difference in violins is not a mere difference in mechanism. A poor player, with a scraping, uneven method, can ruin the tone of the finest Amati ever made and make a fiddle out of a Stradivarius. When the perfect instrument is well played, the fifty-eight pieces used in its construction become a unit, so that the vibrations run through it without break or dissonance. The pear-wood, a treasury of blossoms and pungent fragrance; the Turkish maple, exported and shared by the makers of gondolas and violins; the gums and resins from the East, the bow from Normandy, all meet in the violin and become one.

Berlioz calls the violin the female voice of the orchestra, because it has the same flexibility and emotional power. By historical coincidence they came into use in public at the same period, so that the violin succeeded the viol, that most "gentlemanly" instrument, when the true soprano surpassed the male imitation. Like the voice, the violin is completely under the control of the musician, and can pass by quick and subtle gradations from one tone to another, and can make, as no instrument with fixed tones ever does, true sharps and flats. The piano has its tones made to order, and no orchestra gets into tune with it. So many vibrations from G to A, so many from A to B—there they are—a mechanic can make them, and no master can alter their value, if he can their quality. The piano is best when it is new, because it is then best balanced, and no friction has yet worn one part more than another. The violin improves with age, knitting itself together.

The violin has also great power in the use of those curious effects called "harmonics" or "over-tones," which are related to the tones of the scale much as our souls are to our bodies. These tones are not written in the score, and are so intangible that only the keenest ear can separate them from their generators. The organ catches them in pipes built expressly for the purpose, and so makes that complete and thrilling sound which we call the "expression" in that instrument. The sounding-board of the piano scatters them in a quick, frantic manner, and every one knows the horrible confusion which follows when the pedal holds together those which are discordant. The violin and the voice are free to use these tones as they please, and such players as Ole Bull, such singers as Parepa Rosa, produce marvelous effects by their power over them.

It must, however, be remembered that these harmonics are bound by fixed laws, and no matter how delicately or how strongly it is sounded, a pure tone produces only a certain sequence of them. If the instrument or the voice gives any one of the eight tones of the scale, there follows in the air another tone, an octave higher; after it comes another, a fifth higher still; and then a fourth above that; and so on and on wave after wave is born, sound after sound, until they rise into regions where no human ear can follow them. To us all this progression seems but one tone, but if we could get, as is possible in an invention by Helmholtz, the pure sound of the generator of this compound effect, we should be surprised by its dullness and its low pitch. The over-tones give musical sounds their color, life and brilliancy, and without them the body would have no soul.

These peculiar qualities of the violin, and its capacity for producing individual characteristic effects under the control of a sensitive and competent player, have to be taken into consideration when such artists as Ole Bull are estimated. Only the singer and the violinist can command the popular enthusiasm of an audience. A pianist can awaken intense admiration, but it is only the trained musical organization which responds to him in emotion. Ole Bull and Jenny Lind touched the most indifferent, and filled those who fancied they cared no-

* OLE BULL. A MEMOIR. By Sara C. Bull. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Riverside Press. 417 pages.
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thing for music, with feelings they could not understand. People who went to hear Ole Bull, careless and indifferent, began to dream, to have very un-Anglo-Saxon rhapsodies, and tried to account for them by all sorts of pretty phrases about the northern genius, the vikings, the fjords, the skies, mountains, valleys and myths of Norway. It was "the voice of nature," it was "the voice of freedom," which affected them! Dr. Crosby, making a scientific, anatomical study of Ole Bull, stops to compare him to Orpheus and Apollo. George William Curtis finds no canon of criticism to fit him, and throws them all away, declaring such a genius a law to itself. Men, women and students alike went wild over his performances, and he himself was never content with simple admiration. Unless he moved his audiences, Ole Bull was dissatisfied. To-day his marvelous music has lost its spell. Joachim can play Beethoven, and can pass the music on to other violinists, so that the beauty is still there, but who can revive for us in Ole Bull's music Ole Bull's magic! There is still a splendid rush of sound, of melody, of fancy, but we are not likely to give it even first rank, much less likely to be powerfully stirred by it. The secret of Ole Bull's power was in an intense character speaking through a perfect command of a most susceptible medium. It was not what he played, but the way he did it. When he was asked where he learned his art, he answered, "In the mountains of Norway," and he knew.

In the days of his boyhood his parents tried to make his violin his recreation, but he made it his ardent study. He was very curious about the instrument itself, and when he was a little fellow would take his violin to pieces, dry it in the sun, and put it together again until it suited him. His Uncle Jens belonged to a Tuesday night quartette club, and when Ole Bull was but three years old he used to creep out of bed and hide himself under a sofa, or behind a curtain, to listen, not to the players, but to the instruments. His fancy was that all this fine sound, this singing and quarreling, asking and answering, was done by the instruments themselves, and from that day on he had a sense of the individuality of instruments. He said that the violins made by Da Salo and Guarnerius had the sound of a trumpet, horn or flute; the Stradivarius, that of the oboe or clarinet; but the Amati had the human voice. He used a Da Salo in his public concerts, because, he said, it could be graded into all colors. He was always studying violins, getting the reasons for different qualities; experimenting on the position and construction of the bridge and other parts of the instrument. He made researches into the lost secret of the varnish used by the old Italian makers, and no mother ever studied the constitution and tendencies of her child with more interest than he his violin. He had always the intention that it must do just what he felt it could, and when he was a boy, and it would not repeat what he knew it ought, he would work himself up into the most violent indignation against it. He would try again and again to make it do what it ought, and if it would not he would throw it away, and for days neither touch it nor look at it. And he did not make light demands upon it. One of his early fancies was that the blue-bells rang, and the grass sang with them; and from the first he tried to imitate these voices around him. His violin had to echo the wind in the leaves, and down a mountain pass. It had to recall the songs of birds and the noise of the waterfall; to suggest the brightness of summer and shriek out in the voice of the tempest. He had no mercy on it. It was his comrade, his other self, his own voice. What he heard, it must say, and say it

so all the world could understand. After his indignation with it had passed away, he would get up in the night and play the strangest melodies. He never thought of sleepers who might be disturbed. What concerned the boy was to make his little violin behave itself.

In the summer the family used to go to Valestrand, their country seat, twenty miles east of Bergen, and here Ole Bull was perfectly happy. He had the long summer days for climbing, for walking and for listening. Better still, he had them for playing on his violin. He used to go far off and climb down into a "giant's cauldron," and spend hours in composing all sorts of fantasies and in bringing his violin into proper subjection. The peasants climbing over the mountains used to hear these strange, weird sounds coming from some deeply-hidden source, and they began to tell the most marvelous stories of music at uncanny hours and from Heaven-forsaken places. The goblins, it was said, had come back, and they were afraid to cross the mountains alone. At last one man, bolder than the rest, followed the music until he came to the mouth of the cauldron, and then, with many a fear, peeped over and saw, far down, hidden by bushes, little Ole Bull playing away on his little red violin with all his might, and happy as a king to be away from people and from noises.

The boy had his teachers and his exercises, and everything was done, since he *would* play, to give him a good technique. He did not like all this discipline. He had his own ideas about holding a violin, and if he did not object to exercises, he had opinions about the way they should be rendered. His father and teacher used to coax and scold, but if they pushed their pupil too far, he would scream out in agony. He could not bear to have music treated in such pedantic ways. There was no trouble about his playing the exercises—the difficulty was to make him attack them in scholastic style. When he grew up, he delighted in playing Mozart above all other composers, but he never really cared to interpret other people. He had a message of his own. He told it, but he has taken it away with him. No one can now say to the violin, "Repeat again what Ole Bull heard."

This pronounced, determined individuality was at once the despair of critics and the delight of the people. Musicians declared he was sensational, and given to clap-trap, but the audiences who crowded to hear him liked the music because the human element in it was so direct, and his skill was of a character they could comprehend.

Nature was in every respect good to Ole Bull. He had a superb presence. He was nearly six feet in height, erect, strong and graceful. His face was very fine and that of a poet, and his manner was at once gentle, eager and courtly. He perpetually had the air of having just received an unexpected pleasure. He was the child of a family to whom education and comfort were an inheritance, so that he never knew the struggle that talent so often has to make against fate. He had dark days and many troubles, but even in his early experiences in Paris, when he was poor and friendless, he had no great failure to dishearten him. It was simply that his time had not yet come. When it did come, it came suddenly and brilliantly, so that whatever afterward disheartened or worried him he always lived in an atmosphere of devotion and admiration, which to such a nature means life and strength. He had a loyal, frank character which protected him from the morbid distrust that darkened even the successes of Hans Christian Andersen, and early in his career he was accepted by Norway as her representative son. He

loved his country fervently, and there was great support to him in the knowledge that, no matter where he went, she watched him and was proud of him.

There is a story told of his visit to Egypt, in 1875, that is characteristic enough to bear repeating. He had breakfasted with the royal family in Stockholm, when the king proposed to him that as he was going to Egypt he should play his "Saeterbesög" on the top of the Pyramid of Cheops. The fantastic, poetic idea pleased him at once, and they appointed the fifth of February, Ole Bull's birthday, for the performance. He was to reach Cairo in time and the royal family at home were to think of him. When the day came, clear and brilliant, a gay party set out from Cairo, headed by Ole Bull and the Swedish Consul. It was not light work to climb those immense blocks and afterward play, but Ole Bull, if sixty-five years old, had gone up too many mountains to be daunted or helped now, and he gave his violin to one Bedouin and the bow to another, and they started up. On the top of the pyramid floated the sacrilegious flag of Sweden as gayly as if it belonged there. The rest of the party came toiling after him, and the Arabs, who had heard that a King of the North had sent a musician to play on the Pyramids, crowded in from every quarter. Adolf Ebeling, who tells the story, which is quoted in Mrs. Bull's memoir, says:

"Ole Bull had now taken his violin, and given two powerful strokes to assure himself that it was in good condition after its dangerous journey. He then drew himself up to his full height, and let his penetrating glance wander along the horizon for a few moments to scan the wonderful scene below. At his right lay the Valley of the Nile, with its bright green fields stretching into vanishing distances, the waves of that broad, majestic stream gleaming like molten silver; to the left lay great, boundless golden deserts and the Libyan Mountains; before him, at his feet, he had the wide-spreading city of the Khedive, with its minarets, domes

and palm-gardens, all bathed in the brilliant sunshine. Now he suddenly began to play a hymn of praise as it seemed. It was like a cry of joy to the Fates who had vouchsafed him to stand there, and to behold with his own eyes the magnificent picture, the goal of so many desires. Then he turned toward his home in the North, and began his own mountain song, the 'Saeterbesög.'"

Such romantic experiences were akin to Ole Bull's genius. They gave him the inspiration he liked, and he never appeared to better advantage than as the central figure in such a scene. He delighted in everything connected with the old Norse life. He liked to play folk-songs to the peasants, and one of his most enthusiastic, as well as most unfortunate, undertakings was the establishment in Bergen of a Norse theatre with a Norse orchestra.

There was a poetic fitness in the closing scene at his grave. After the orators had finished, the coffin lowered and the funeral cortège gone, the peasants, who had gathered from all quarters, came closer to look into the grave, each one carrying a branch of green leaves or a flower, which he cast upon the coffin until the grave was filled with native bloom.

The story of Ole Bull's life is a pleasant one. He was a genius and he fulfilled his vocation. He lived in a very bright and public light, but his biographers have to make no excuses for him, nor do they have to explain this, or that, as the effect of a natural idiosyncrasy or educational misapprehension. He was sincere, single-hearted and honorable, and when he became involved in business difficulties he was himself the greatest sufferer.

To the musician his history will always be of interest, because he represents what might be called the school of natural or individual utterance, as distinguished from schools where there is tradition and precept, teacher and disciple.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

THE PEARL DISSOLVED.

WE wondered once that Cleopatra's hand
Threw in her cup white pearls,
Dissolving them; but when we further read
Life's pages, the lip curls
In scorn, or pity, for the many hands
That, moved by folly's sway,
Throw pearls, that should be precious, where they are
Dissolved. I saw to-day

A hand, unchecked, throw in the acid draught
The pearl of purity;
There was a motion in the secret cup,
As when snow gradually
Is moved upon by heat. As palpably
The snow and soft tints caught
From God's own hand were lost—were lost to sight—
Life's crown gem went for naught;

It was dissolved and wasted! O dear God!
The soul faints just to know
That hands so ruthless, the white pearls of life
In folly's cup can throw!
Is there another phase? How pitiful
Our lip is at the word!
Has God some alchemy to touch again
This cup that folly stirred,

And bring the soul's crown-jewel to its rim
As clear as when his hand
First fashioned it? God's secret alchemy
Can surely countermand
The eating of the silent waste that made
Our life dark in its vase.
We wonder if some nerve of pain will move—
Some glory of God's face

Be lost to us, because our own hand made
Our pearl of life the sport
Of folly's revel? God, be pitiful!
Thou art our one resort!
We know not of thy secret alchemy;
We know our soul's great loss,
And with the hand that held the cup and pearl
We touch Christ's holy cross,

And hope comes to our soul; there were no need
That Christ's pure lips should drain
That cup held to them, if we all had kept
The pearl of life from stain,
And from the sure quick eating of the teeth
Of envy and of crime.
Dear Christ, thy alchemy of Love, the seeming lost—
Our life-pearls can sublime.

The joy and trembling of our soul is such—
It hath such yearning plea,
Yea, from the acid of life's deep, dark cup
Our soul looks up to THEE!
The crown of thy rejoicing, even now
With jewels is ablaze—
The lost of earth! Oh, not as man's,
Dear God, are all Thy ways!

From out the dust Thou gatherest again,
Thou seekest for the lost;
And so we hope for every pearl of life;
Christ counteth its great cost;
He came to earth to seek, and shall we say
That love Divine hath failed?
Nay; chiefest in His crown that pearl may be
That in life's deep cup paled!

ADELAIDE STOUT.

WELL FOUGHT.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Robert Burton told Miss Edith Ross of his love for her, she felt like the gentleman of American poetic renown—"it caused her great surprise."

Robert Burton's father had died when his son was quite young. He made his old friend, Mr. Ross, his boy's guardian, so Bob lived in the same house with Edith, and they became the best of friends. One never-to-be-forgotten day he realized that he was in love with her. He openly declared this love when he was one-and-twenty. The Rosses lived in a very pleasant country-house, and near to it stood the estate of which Robert took legal possession the day that he attained his majority. The Rosses and some friends from London came to make merry with him upon the auspicious occasion. Edith, who was pretty enough to justify any amount of admiration, never dreamed that he, of all men, could be in love with her. They were alone together in his pleasant library when he began:

"I fancy you must know of what I am going to speak."

"No, I have not the faintest idea."

He came over to where she was sitting, leaned his arms upon the mantelpiece, but never looked in her direction. The night before he had composed a formal speech, but the words so carefully selected and arranged—marched out so often, as it were, on parade—fled now like a panic-stricken army in dire confusion. He could only say very quietly, his voice quivering a little:

"I think you must know how I love you."

"Yes, dear Bob, I hope you do; and we were children together, were we not?"

"Edith, you don't understand me." He spoke slowly, his voice was low, but his utterance distinct. "I don't love you as a sister or as a dear friend. I love you as a man loves the woman he must make his wife or die."

She started. The hand-screen with which she had been toying dropped upon her knees, and her eyes drooped; but very slowly and ever increasingly a deep blush suffused her cheek, neck and face. Then, in a few manly words, he told her how well and how long he had loved her, and how he had kept his secret to himself till he could bear it no longer.

"Now," he said, "you must answer me."

Then there was complete silence for a minute or so, and when Edith raised her face the color had faded, and she was calm and self-possessed.

"I am very young," she began. "I know nothing of this love of which you speak, but I have heard of it. It must be wonderful and mysterious, but it has not entered into my heart."

"But we love, Edith, sometimes unknown to ourselves."

"I don't think that can be," she answered musingly. "If love is as people represent it, there can be no mistaking it. It is very kind of you to be so fond of me; we must always be the best of friends."

"No—it can't end like this," he answered impetuously, turning, and for the first time fixing on her face his eyes, blazing with passion, as if their look could communicate love to the heart toward him so loveless. "Edith, you must try to love me!"

"Oh, Bob," she answered a little wearily, "we cannot make this love grow in ourselves."

"We should be able to do a great deal when the happiness and salvation of others depend upon us."

"Yes, dear, a great deal, but not that. Besides," she added, with a sweet, grave smile, "do people never get over their first love?"

"Edith, this is not the time for jesting!"

"I am not jesting—it is unkind of you to say I am."

Very sweetly troubled she looked as she sat there, gazing at him with her large dark eyes. How changed from the light-hearted Edith of an hour ago. She herself did not love, but she was in Love's presence, solemn as Death's. Base and almost worthless must be the nature that is not greatly impressed by the first declaration of genuine love, and that Bob's love was genuine there could be no doubt, though he did not tear his hair, and his whole manner was eminently untheatrical.

"I cannot force your love, my darling! my darling! Let me call you so this once," kneeling down beside her, and taking her hands in his; "but you don't quite know how much I love you. I feel as if it were my fate always to love you, and if you cannot care for me, I must go from here, and how can I live without you?"

"I think," she said, pressing his hands very kindly, "that we women see things more clearly than men. Suppose I did what you want me to do, and gave you affection instead of love—the love that comes to all would not, I think, pass by me—and then how wretched for us both!"

He pressed her hand lovingly to his lips, and she did not draw back. Yes, for precisely one minute and three quarters by the unerring clock he held them, and then drew her to his arms, her thick, soft hair touching his cheek. They looked in each other's eyes, and their lips met. He kissed her long and passionately; all the intensity of his love seemed to find vent in that kiss. She had quivered a little in his embrace, but when he had put her from him she sat silent and very still, her face bowed in her hands, the large hot tears falling through her fingers. She was not weeping for pity of Bob, but for herself. It was that a chord in her nature, till then never sounded, had been suddenly struck; and

as an instrument vibrates from a shock of music, her heart and brain vibrated to that new sweet harmony.

She knew now how rapturous it would be to love, where love was returned, and this knowledge, bitter and sweet, had come upon her suddenly as a revelation, which had in it something of awe. I deem that a woman never forgets the first love caress she receives. She is never the same afterwards. But Bob did not see these tears, which were not tears of sorrow, but rather the first slow thunder-drops of passions. She rose and left the room softly. Bob did not seek to retain her, though he looked after her with hungry eyes. When the door closed, he mechanically filled and lighted his meerschaum, threw himself into the chair she had just vacated, and strove to face his future—the years to come—in which Edith would have no part.

We die. The house with its blinds down proclaims to all who pass the door that death is there; our friends and relatives come and weep over us where we lie with folded hands and closed eyes; they put on crape and follow us with mourning coaches to the grave. The black procession that sweeps through the streets is known to all for death's. But our dear hopes, so long and tenderly cherished, they die suddenly, slain by a word or a look, and we give no sign that they are dead. We bury them, and our friends and relatives, who knew not of their birth, know not of their death.

Sitting there, Bob realized one thing, which was, that he would leave England as soon as might be. The first bitter January days wore themselves away. He was sitting in his library the evening previous to his departure smoking, and, as may be imagined, thinking gloomily of the future, when the door opened and shut gently, and there was a sweet scent, and a rustling of silk in the room. He knew well who had entered. She went to a harmonium, and began singing softly. After a while she desisted, came to where he was then sitting, and knelt in front of the fire, and laid her hands, oh, so tenderly, on his.

"You are not angry with me for coming in without an invitation, are you?" she said. He bent down and kissed her hands for answer. "Are you really going away to-morrow?"

"You don't wish me to stay?" a sudden light filling his eyes.

"No, dear, not if you think it better for you to go." Then after a long silence she said, blushing very prettily, "I came because I wanted to tell you that I should never forget you, and I thought perhaps you might like to take with you something belonging to me—something of which I am very fond." She drew from the finger of her right hand an amethyst ring, which she had worn long, and which Bob had often admired. He took it and kissed it.

"You are very good to me," was all he could say.

"No, no," she cried, with her old impetuous manner, "I can never do enough for you. It makes me wretched to see you so unhappy, and I do think you love me very much."

Oh, the instinct in women which leads them so un-failingly to know what will most wound and heal!

"Yes, that is the best thing you can say to me," he said, looking lovingly upon her face.

Presently she rose, and I think we must all respect that feeling in him which forbade him to ask for more, after she had, of her own free will, given him so much. He simply took her hands and said:

"Good-by. I shall not see you in the morning. It is best to part now."

"Good-by," she returned, lingered a little, then went

to the door; but there she turned and stood for a moment irresolute; then, with that supreme and infinite compassion which is only found in women, she came back to him and laid her lips to his. He flung his arms around her neck, drew her head down on his shoulder, and caressed her dark, waving hair. So they stood for a minute; then he put her from him, with something like a sob, and she left the room quickly without once looking back. I am glad she did, for I think his look of almost insupportable agony would have haunted her too long and too painfully.

CHAPTER II.

ROBERT BURTON left England in the company of a literary man, who gave him excellent advice, which was in time to bear fruit. For six years Burton and his friend Hamilton wandered about Europe. The discomforted lover went in for art, and, to his great surprise, painted and sold a picture which attracted considerable attention. He was actually almost famous.

He did not write often to the Rosses, and his letters to Edith came to be just the letters of one friend to another. Of course she was glad to see that he was recovering from a love which could bring nothing but pain to him, still she grew a little sadly cynical to find how speedily absence could make whole a heart which she had imagined broken.

"A broken heart, my dear," observed Mr. Ross philosophically, "can always be cemented again in the most satisfactory way."

And Edith said she was so very, very glad to hear it.

One superb June evening Edith was sitting on the lawn under the shade of a great cedar tree. The sun was setting, and it seemed to enfold her in a mystery of wonderful gold light. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading. Her face wore a look at once sweet and serious. She was evidently thinking very deeply. So lost was she in her own reflections that she failed to see a tall figure pass through the open French window and come to where she was sitting.

"Edith," said a low, musical voice close to her. Then, indeed she started, and saw that it was Robert Burton who stood beside her.

"Robert! you!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—very me."

"Where have you come from last?"

"From London. I have been there for the last fortnight."

"Then you have not been in a great hurry to see us. I think you might, at least, have told us of your plans."

"I thought I would take you by surprise," he replied, asking if he might light the cigar he took from his pocket. "Whatever you may wish to imply, I do not become indifferent to my old friends."

She could hardly recognize in the easy, graceful bearing of the man before her the Bob of old days, who, it must be confessed, moved with a somewhat slouching gait, and whose hands on state occasions had the appearance of considerably embarrassing him. A brown beard with gold lights in it now gave character and warmth to his face, which had once been too pale. She found it very difficult to say anything. At length she asked:

"Why didn't you come to dinner?"

"Oh! I only made up my mind that I would come to-day some few hours ago. I took all the dinner I wanted at the station inn. It's really quite a respectable place."

"How changed you are! I don't think I shall ever be able to call you 'Bob' again, as I did in the old days."

"Yes, Edith," he answered earnestly, turning his eyes from her; "the boy you knew then is just as much dead as if the earth were over him."

"I don't know that I'm altogether glad," she said; "I liked the 'Bob' of old days," and then she held out her hand to him with a bright smile. He took it, but it no more received a lover's pressure.

"Now, tell me all about yourself," she said, and, nothing loath, he told her all that there was to tell. He talked admirably. Was his talk a shade boastful? Perhaps it was.

Presently Mr. Ross, who had been absent for the day, returned. Some of the best champagne was opened, and in it they drank Burton's welcome home, and the three sat quite late talking of days gone by and days to come.

"If ever a fellow was cured of love, that fellow is," said Mr. Ross to his daughter as they parted for the night.

"Yes," answered she, and she laughed.

Bob gladly accepted Mr. Ross' invitation to make "The Poplars" his head-quarters while he remained in England. I have said that his own place stood only a few miles distant, and there he passed a good deal of every day, superintending some improvements.

"Do you think you will ever come to settle at 'The Firs'?" asked Edith, one day, as she was driving him back in her pretty little pony-phaeton.

"Impossible to say," he answered; "you know I am a rover on the face of the earth."

To Edith the month of June passed swiftly and pleasantly. She found Robert Burton entertaining, very. That, of course, was the sole reason why she liked to be so much in his society.

Very often, in the still summer twilights, he would ask her to sing to him. What thoughts, I wonder, passed through his heart as her soft, pleading voice rose and fell? Without notice of time the weeks seemed to slide away.

One bright windy August afternoon Burton proposed a ride to Edith, who gladly accepted. Heavy rains had fallen, so that it was good once again to be in the open air and sunlight. Edith was in splendid spirits, and looked bewitchingly pretty when the fresh wind and the swift riding brought their warm glow to her face. Presently they came to a brook which did not look so very wide.

"There's a nice leap," said Edith, reining in her horse.

"No, it wouldn't do," said Burton. "Don't you see it is swollen with the late rains, and the banks are steep and heavy?"

Something of a wicked light came into Edith's eyes, and a smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"Need you take the leap because I do?" she said.

"I think that's a trifle unworthy of you," he answered quietly; "but, seriously, I cannot think of letting you do what you want to do."

"Will you tell me," she said, "by what right you venture to speak to me with authority?"

"By the simple right which every man acquires when he is alone with a woman—that of being for the time her protector. In this case, I have to protect you from yourself. I think we had best turn back now."

He ceased, and his hand fell on her horse's bridle.

"I do not recognize your authority. Withdraw your hand, if you please!"

"When you have turned homeward I will."

Edith looked at bay, and her face had grown pale through anger.

"My dear Mr. Burton," she said ironically, "I assure you it is not dangerous, but you have lived so long abroad as quite to have forgotten what Englishmen do and do not consider worth talking about."

"I am obliged to you for your sneer, Miss Ross," he said coldly, "but your taunts cannot provoke me into letting you risk your life. Really, my mind is made up, and we are only wasting time."

"Will you take your hand from my bridle?"

"I will not."

Then Miss Ross' temper overcame her quite, and raising her riding-whip she brought it down with all the force she could muster upon the detaining hand. Seeing that it produced no effect, she struck her own horse, the result being that both horses reared simultaneously. They were right under a tree whose lower branches were quite near the ground. Burton wrenched the bridle from the hand of his companion, and, rising in his stirrups, cast it with good aim over a branch. Then he dismounted and helped Edith to dismount.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, seeing that he was carefully examining his horse's girth.

"What Englishmen do and do not consider worth talking about."

Edith looked at the brook, and saw rightly how swollen it was and how steep and heavy the banks were.

"I don't see that you need go," she said rather sullenly.

"But I see every reason."

"I see it's more dangerous than I thought."

"It is, is it?"

"I think it very unkind of you to go."

"Do you? Now, old lady, to it!"

This was to his mare. The horse rushed with her rider to the bank, took the leap, and both vanished from sight. Edith knew the return leap must be worse, and her heart sickened as she stood there leaning against a tree through whose boughs the wind came hurrying. She was absolutely shivering with fear! Would he never come back? Was he keeping away so long to punish her? Then from the other side she heard him urging on his mare. In another moment they were over, but that was all, for only the creature's fore-feet took any hold of the soil, which was soft and slippery. With an instinct that she had another life beside her own to save, the mare struggled desperately, straining every nerve and sinew, and at length staggered on to firm ground, where she stood quivering and covered with sweat.

"Thank God!" said Edith, and she threw her arms around the mare's neck.

The ride home was a silent one. That night, when Bob was by himself in the library, Edith entered, looking very pretty and very penitent.

"I'm very much ashamed," she began; "it's not at all nice to feel ashamed. Can you ever forgive me?"

"I can forgive you at the present moment, and that most freely."

"That is very good of you. Show me your hand."

He held it out with a laugh, and she regarded the work of hers upon it with keen interest.

"Poor hand!" she said, and just laid her lips to it. I wonder if she was dreaming of six years ago?

CHAPTER III.

Now the excellent advice given by Hamilton to his friend Burton was briefly this:

"Travel for at least six years. Try in every way you can to distract your mind. Think as little of Miss

Ross as you can; write to her but seldom. If, when the six years are out and you are still uncured, she is still unmarried, make her think that you are heart-whole. Appear before her not as the—excuse me—rather sentimental young fellow that you are now, but as a man of the world. If you love her, it will be hard work, I know, not to show it. Still, she'll be worth the battle. So, my boy, if it does come to that, you must try and fight well. From what you have told me the girl even now loves you a good deal."

Bob accepted his friend's well-meant counsel, and as, at the end of the six years, he found his love malady rather aggravated than cured, he returned to England to carry out his plan of battle. Unless he be monstrously vain, a man never detects when a woman is in love with him as swiftly and surely as a woman divines his feelings in regard to herself; so it was a long time before Bob even suspected that there might be hope for him—a little fruit of hope, for which, if it were to ripen, he would not reach his hand till it were ripe for falling. "Remember," Hamilton had said, "precipitation may ruin everything."

As for Edith, after the riding episode she could no longer disguise from herself the fact that she was in love with Robert Burton—with the man who had once been so madly in love with her, to whom he seemed now so utterly indifferent. The fact was bitter and humiliating. In the solitude and darkness it made her cheek burn with blushes. Well, she would try all she could to keep him in ignorance of the condition of her heart. Had she a little possible hope that he might care about her some day again?

Burton could not fail to see that when he talked lightly of settling permanently abroad, as if there were nothing really in England which interested him, a look of pain would sometimes flash across her face. Perhaps she could not conceal her love quite as well as she thought she could, and a conviction grew in Burton that his fruit of hope was ripening to full fruition. Was it inexcusably cruel of him to take pleasure in seeing that look of pain which sometimes he could call into her face—that look which he took for love's harbinger? I think not.

One morning early in September Burton received a letter from Hamilton, asking him to pass a few days with him in London. He resolved at once to accept the invitation, for he wanted to have a good talk with his friend about the one thing of sovereign importance to him, his love for Edith.

"Shall you go soon?" she asked. They were sitting together on the lawn.

"I shall just be in time for the 12.10 train," he replied, consulting his watch.

"And shall you stay long?"

"I really don't know what I shall do. After leaving Hamilton I may go straight to my chambers, pack a portmanteau, and start for the Continent without seeing you again."

Of course he had no intention of doing anything of the kind, but he wanted to see if it hurt her, and he thought it did.

"Edith," he said, "should you be very sorry if you didn't see anything of me for years?"

"Yes, I should be very sorry; of course I should."

He would rather she had left the "of course" out. After a pause she said:

"I shall have no one to sing my songs to to-night."

"No. You must give your voice a rest." Then, when it was time for him to go he could not help keep-

ing her hand for a moment; but, fearful lest he should have gone too far, he said quite abruptly:

"Good-by, my dear. Very likely you won't see me again for years."

"Good-by," was all she said, in a tone of voice lower than was usual with her.

"You must think of me sometimes," he said, and then he was off.

Though the month was September, the sun was hot as an August sun, nor was there any wind to moderate the fierce heat. Along the hot gravel, under the blanching, vertical eye-glare of the absolute heavens went Edith to the house. All the windows stood open, and through them there came in the strong and, it seemed to her just then, the sickening smell of roses. She was thankful to gain the shelter of her own room. When a woman is in great trouble her first instinct is to cast herself on her bed and to bury her face in her pillows. This was precisely what Edith did, when she had lowered the blind to keep out the sun's pitiless glare. "Think of me sometimes," he had said. Ah! she must think of him forever. If she should never see him again, never again hear the low musical voice, the thought of which brought the blood into her face and made her heart beat faster!

"Oh, my love!" she moaned, "if only you could have loved me, how I would have worked for you and with you! How I would have made myself very part of you! Oh, love! I have loved you. Oh, my love! I have lost you!"

She longed for a sister or mother, but there was no one there to try and comfort her, for such a trouble a girl never can take to father or brother. Who shall listen to her song when this day's twilight shall have come? She moaned anew in passionate self-pity, and then the great bitter, blinding tears came, and the awful day wore itself away and brought the evening, but did not bring the evening peace.

Edith excused herself from the dinner-table on the ground of headache, which was certainly no pretense, for it seemed to her as if her head must split in two, as well as her heart break. Oh, my poor, poor, sweet, wayward, tender, sad Edith, did sleep that night comfort you at all?

After passing four days in London, Bob returned to the country, glad and hopeful. It was a sweet, grave September evening, possessed by that spirit of holy peace that some happy souls acquire when they have renounced the dearest desires of their hearts, and tender to all, and not so very sad, they journey to the country of their rest. As he walked along he heard the soothing sound of crickets chirruping; there was a smell in the air of burning weeds; a laborer tramped heavily by and wished him good night.

"Drink my health," he said, and gave the man five shillings. His heart was overflowing with love to all mankind. At length he came in sight of the dearly-loved house—the house seen so often in his dreams. He opened the garden gate and walked in almost reverently. The French window stood ajar; he pushed it and stood in the room where she should come. He threw himself into a chair and began dreaming of how it would be when Edith came in.

"I shall hear her step," he thought, "coming down the passage—the step I should know all steps among. Then she will come in and start at seeing me, and blush perhaps a little, and perhaps a glad light will come into her eyes, and perhaps in her voice I shall hear her smile; then I shall ask her to come into the garden, and there will I tell her of my love, which has only

strengthened with time, and how, for the very sake of that love, I have fought to keep it from her sight. At last I shall say, 'Edith, answer me—yes, or no: Will you be my wife?' I think she will answer *yes*. Then my beautiful, my supreme love, I shall have her in my arms, and will not our lips meet?"

There was a step coming down the passage, but it was most certainly not Edith's. Bob knew Mr. Ross' heavy tread—to-night heavier than usual. He sprang up with a laugh and a cry:

"Here I am, you see, back again like a bad shilling. But what's the matter with you? What's wrong?"—for the man who stood before him, who had seemed three days ago a hale though elderly man, now seemed bowed down by a weight of years, by more than a weight of years. "There isn't anything the matter with Edith, is there?"

The man who looked so old raised his head and said, almost in a whisper:

"There is no Edith now."

"What do you mean?" said the other, with that awful quietude which comes to some people at such moments.

Mr. Ross rang the bell. It was answered by the housekeeper. Ross pointed to Burton and whispered:

"Tell him." Then he went from the room.

The housekeeper's story was brief. "On the very day he left," she said, "Miss Ross appeared to be taken ill. All the next day she was dreadfully restless, and kept walking about as if she could find no rest anywhere. In the afternoon she *would* go for a ride. The horse was a new purchase and somewhat restive. The groom wished her to take another, but she would have her way. All went well till they were returning, when, passing under a railway bridge, the horse took fright, broke from the control of his rider and burst away at a furious pace, and, dashing against a closed gate, fell. When the groom reached the spot he found his young mistress quite insensible. A carriage was at once sent for, in which she was conveyed home. The doctor came instantly, but said from the first that nothing could be done. The next morning early she died of the injuries she had received. She did not seem to suffer at the last," said the worthy housekeeper.

"Where is Mr. Ross?" asked Burton. His voice sounded hollow and far away.

"With *her*, sir; he's always there."

"Show me the room, if you please. You're surprised that I am going to intrude; but—I am. Show the way!"

Something in his look led her to understand the truth. She hesitated no longer. Burton opened the door of Edith's room and closed it. The father was kneeling, speechless and tearless, by the bed, his face bowed in his hands. The young man went softly to him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"May I come here too?" he said, speaking with difficulty. "I loved her. Through the six years I

have been away I only loved her more and more. To-night I was going to ask my fate, but it has been given me to know without my asking. My God!" he groaned.

Mr. Ross raised his face and said, "I don't think she would have answered you no!"

And then the two men clasped hands, and the elder one left the room, and where he had knelt, knelt down the dead girl's lover. There was on the white face a look of great sweetness. Something almost like a smile seemed to stay about the corners of the mouth, so eternally closed. How cold and moveless the heart was which it would be in his power no more to hurt or gladden! With his hungry lips he caressed her face and her cold, soft hair. It was so impossible to realize that all his dreams for the future were shattered.

"Edith, my love, my wife that should have been, do you know how I love you?" he whispered in her unhearing ears. "Edith, my angel, perhaps some day in another world—oh, Edith, if I had only told you before I went!" This thought almost turned his brain.

Then he began to accept the fact of her death, and all it meant to him. If he fought well in his art, there would be no Edith under whose feet he might place his laurels. Were he to obtain no success, only failure instead, there would be no Edith to comfort him and more than atone to him. Never again would she sing to him in the twilight, nor in any light. God! never again to hear the sound of that voice! In his great agony he almost shrieked aloud.

If he had been punished for any sin, it was assuredly for the sin of concealing the love that was his life. The prize of the battle had been great, and the battle had been a hard one, but it had been well fought. Love would have triumphed, had not the black and invincible warrior, over whom no man may triumph, entered the field.

Presently Burton could bear his anguish no longer.

"I must go mad!" he cried, and he rushed from the room and left the house.

On the village green close by, boys were playing noisily. Two lovers were standing by a field gate saying to one another sweet nothings, after the manner of lovers, when they shrank to see a wild, white face flash past them in the moonlight.

Robert Burton did not go mad, nor did he die till he was quite advanced in life. He never married. People called him an unsociable man; but young, struggling men of any power always found in him a good friend. As a painter he reached great eminence, and one woman's face looked forever out of all his pictures. Before he died he expressed a wish that a certain ring he wore on his finger should not be taken off. He wished also a small packet of letters, some of them written in a school-girl's hand, to be placed under his head. Now the letters moulder, and the ring rusts on his finger. I wonder whether his soul, perhaps far away, has any memory of the old fight?

A LEGEND OF THE DEWS.

EARTH had no dewes until a baby died—

A dimpled, fair-faced baby, whose dear eyes
Peeped through the swinging gates of Paradise,
And, seeing wondrous treasures scattered wide,
Sought them with fruitless grasp and homesick cries;
And when the eager, trembling little hand
Wearied in reaching for the luring things,

Fluttered and folded—like the drooping wings—
Of Noah's dove, sent out to find the land,

Where no land was—then angels wept their woe
For the sweet, sealed lids, and cheeks of snow;
And all their rueful tears the zephyrs bland
Gathered in dainty cups of moonlight hue,

To break on babies' graves in showers of dew!

LUCY M. BLINN.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER III.

"COME, Molly, child, I thought you were here a minute ago. After your fol-de-rols, as usual. Give me my coffee, for I've got twenty miles before me. You're in too much of a hurry to make it summer, but you'll do for a kind of a hint of one."

Dr. Cushing, big and bluff and weather-beaten, looked with professed scorn but real delight at the tall girl who came through the open door with a cluster of white roses in her hand, which she put into a slender glass waiting for them, giving her father a little pinch as she passed, and then settling into her place behind the coffee-pot. Molly's eyes were as keen and blue as her father's, her nose as decisive a Roman, and her forehead as broad and full; but where he was red and brown she was pink and white, with a dimple in her chin that went far to redeem its squareness, and a great knot of fair hair, guiltless of crimps, and combed straight back from the white forehead in the most business-like way. But her fresh blue cambric, and the cluster of quince-blossoms she had stuck in her belt, indicated that she thought of something beside business, though she glanced out a little anxiously toward a light cloud in the south as she handed her father the mighty cup of coffee, which he tasted with a preoccupied air.

"I do hope it won't rain," she said, "for Tryphena insists on doing up the curtains to-day, and it won't help her frame of mind if they get showered. Her energy this morning is something appalling. Pauline fled to the back-kitchen and I to the garden, and every dish on the table came in as if by cyclone. Father!"

"What? Oh—well!" answered Dr. Cushing guiltily, buttering his graham muffin energetically. "I hear you, Molly. What do you want—new curtains? Get what you like, my dear."

"I shall never get what I like till you keep your word five minutes after it's given," said Molly, setting down her cup and looking severely at her father. "As if you hadn't promised me to fix your attention on your food, and on reasonable ways of taking it, when we are able to have a meal together, and not to be lost in a wilderness of cases, and scalding yourself with your coffee, and just filling up till the right point is reached without the slightest sense of what you are taking. It's your business to appreciate flowers, and bless your stars that you can have such coffee and such muffins, and that Tryphena makes a corn-beef hash that is ideal in its nature. You'll die of repletion and never know what the matter is. How many muffins have you had?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you, child. Not enough, at any rate; and if they were soggy you would soon know it. I know what's good in more ways than one," and the Doctor inclined his head graciously, with a look that made it easy to determine why some enthusiastic young ladies had declared that, "for all his gruffness, Dr. Cushing was a fascinating man."

"You're an old duck," said Molly; "but that doesn't hinder you from being a man of shocking habits, who doesn't pay me half the attention that my fascinations should involve. Who is on your mind this morning?"

"Poor Waite. Didn't you hear the pounding at the office door? Abel Hinchman was down here at six o'clock, and says Waite has something like a stroke. It's been coming for some time, and I hoped he'd go in a hurry."

"Father!"

"The kindest wish for anybody, my dear, who is hopelessly ill and a terrible burden. What can that woman and girl do? Sybil has nothing to fall back upon unless she marries this lout, and I don't like to have that the end of the Waites. Not schooling enough for a teacher and too much pride in her to turn her hand to housework, even if they had not been too poor to give her much chance for learning even that. It's a tough piece of work. You must go out there, Molly. That's where your mother used to do more than I could. I knew Martha Wardner when she was a girl, but can't do anything with Martha Waite. She is as obstinate in her still way as he is."

"They were both in church yesterday," Molly answered. "I wish I had spoken to Sybil. She looked so forlornly shabby that I ached for her, and when I stepped forward she had slipped away, with that quiet, proud look she used to wear at school. She was very bright in those old Academy days."

"She ought to be. Plenty of brains all the way back, and she has always been her father's companion. That's over with now; he's done his last work."

"Then you have been up there already. Why didn't you call me, father? You must not go off so without breakfast."

"I didn't, child. Tryphena rushed after the buggy with a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and butter, which I meant to eat, if a little Kanuck hadn't looked at it so that it took all the flavor out. That accounts for the present amount, to which you object so strenuously."

"I couldn't eat a mouthful if I had been in the midst of such trouble," Molly answered; "and you're always so sorry for every one. I don't see how you can."

"I should do them precious little good if I showed my sympathy in that fashion," her father said, as he rose from the table and went toward the office. "A sound foundation has to be laid for a day's work, and beefsteak is more likely to turn into practical action than emptiness. You women are all alike that way, every mother's daughter of you, going on your nerves till they all prick through and take a regiment of doctors to sheathe them again. In fact, some of them never do get sheathed. Witness the Widow Hinchman's periodical 'high-strikes.' I wish Abel could endow her with some of his extra lumpishness."

Molly had followed, and stood by him now in the office, connected with the house by a covered passage-way, but with double doors to secure the absolute quiet he sometimes demanded; for the village doctor was a student, so far as his busy life allowed, and often turned toward this quiet work-shop with a longing to drop outside work, and devote himself to the microscope which had its place in the small inner room sacred to his best loved pursuits. Molly stood by him as he opened the doors of a closet and filled some bottles in his medicine-case from the larger ones stored there.

"It's a pity we can't have a good apothecary in town," he said. "But, after all, I suppose he'd starve. It doubles my work though. Now, there is something a woman could do easily enough, supposing always she had the proper training. Nice, clean, steady, paying work. Why don't a bright girl take to that instead of teaching. Halloa! there's Sybil this minute. The child must have

some business on hand to leave her father when he's in such a state, though it makes small difference to him, poor soul!"

"I'll go there this afternoon," Molly said, watching the girl till she turned up a side street. "Perhaps she will be willing to talk over things and see what can be done. Now, father, don't forget your dinner."

The Doctor nodded as he hurried away, the preoccupied look settling upon his face again, and it deepened as he passed Sybil, who did not turn at the sound of the wheels, but walked swiftly on. He checked the horse a moment, intending to speak, but changed his mind and drove on, stopping a moment to fasten a book in an ingeniously-arranged rest at the side of the buggy, and looking into it at intervals till his first stopping-place was reached.

Sybil had awakened that morning with the first gleam of daylight, and lay for a moment listening to the robins in the great elm; then sprang up and dressed noiselessly.

"A good hour for work," she said to herself, opening the deep drawer of her bureau and taking out a panel which she had never shown even to her father. It was her first experiment in wood-carving; and though she had had no tools but an ordinary pocket-knife, the little branch of oak leaves and acorns gave very positive proof of what might be done with better facilities. She steadied the panel against the wall, and had made the first stroke when a cry came from the room below, and she ran down in terror, to find her mother, who had just awakened, trying to rouse the unconscious figure at her side.

"It's killed him!" she cried. "I knew it would kill him if anybody else really had the old place. Didn't you hear him, Sybil? He talked far into the night, making plans to get it back; and I knew he was flighty, and then I went off to sleep, I was so tired, and never knew anything till his breathing so hard waked me up. Oh, why didn't I keep awake? Go for the Doctor, Sybil. No! don't leave me. Get Abel to go."

Sybil ran down to the turn where the Hinchman house stood, meeting Abel as he came out toward the barn. In a moment she had told her errand, and he was running toward the village, while Sybil sped back to the house and helped her mother to dress, the tears streaming down her face as she saw how utterly all strength and self-possession had left the distracted woman.

"Hush, mother!" she said at last. "He may hear you, and if he does it will make him worse. Don't you know that the least crying always did? and how he used to say, when he got so confused, 'Laugh, Sybil, and I know I shall think in a minute'? Perhaps he is listening now."

"He'll never listen again. Oh, why didn't I keep awake?" her mother moaned, sitting down by him and rubbing his hands, while Sybil stood watching him.

Long as the minutes seemed, the Doctor was there in half an hour, but after the first glance only shook his head.

"You don't need me," he said. "He may lie in this way for days. It is what I have been expecting, but there is nothing to be done."

Mrs. Waite wrung her hands.

"There must be," she said. "Oh, if I'd only kept awake it would not have happened."

"Nothing could have hindered it," the Doctor answered, laying his hand on hers. "You can help him more by being quiet and saving your strength than in any other way. Go on just as usual, as nearly as you can, and I'll come in again this afternoon and see if there is any change. It only needed some slight excitement to bring it on, and it might have come without it. Was there any?"

"He was troubled at seeing the old place open yesterday," Sybil answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"Ah!" the Doctor said, under his breath. "Well, we will talk over things this afternoon. Make your mother eat her breakfast, Sybil, and take your own. You will need all your strength. Go to my house for anything you find you need, and we'll see about it all by-and-by."

Sybil looked after him gratefully as he hurried away, and then set herself to carry out his wishes; and Mrs. Waite, who had become once more her own silent and gentle self, drank the tea and ate a little bread, and then, anxious in turn, urged Sybil, and watched her till she had eaten a cup of bread and milk.

Abel came in with a brimming pailful as she went into the little kitchen.

"I thought I'd better milk this morning," he said. "There wouldn't none of you think of it. An' Sybil, I suppose you'll think it's kind of awful to be talkin' about such things now, but that Miss Dunbar wants a carpenter an' somebody to mend things this mornin', an' was goin' to send by Balch to St. Alban's, an' I told her I knew a good one here, but I didn't tell her who. It hain't got round about your father's stroke, for I concluded I'd keep still till we heard what Dr. Cushing said. But she was out at the gate when I went by, early as it was, and I was bound she should know there was somebody here."

"It was good in you, Abel," Sybil said gratefully. "I shall go and see her as soon as I am sure that mother is quiet."

"Not to-day?" Abel said, aghast. "You wouldn't do that?"

"I shall do anything that is necessary," Sybil said, turning away to hide the tears that came; and Abel after a moment went down the hill, wishing that he were of age, and could settle the whole thing by marrying her.

Sybil beckoned her mother from the bedside into the little kitchen.

"There is a chance for work," she said, hurriedly, "and we need money so, that I think I ought to go—this morning—as soon as I can, mother."

Mrs. Waite caught her breath, then stood silent a moment.

"You will do what is right, Sybil," she said. "We must have money for your father and for the Doctor. Settle it as you think best, and hurry back."

Sybil made ready slowly, but when she slung the little bag of tools across her shoulder, hesitated over the glue-pot, which at first she put in a covered basket, then took out.

"They may as well all know," she said, half aloud, "and it may help to get other jobs if they see me ready to go anywhere."

She would not go into her father's room, lest the sight of the still figure, so like death, should unnerve her, but with the first hesitating step toward the village, strength seemed to come, and she passed swiftly on to the old place and knocked at the side door.

"Please tell Miss Dunbar that a carpenter is here," she said, as Linda's black face appeared in the doorway.

"Whar, honey?" said Linda, looking curiously at her, and then off for the man who must be close behind.

"Here. I'm the carpenter," Sybil said, smiling in spite of herself.

"Fo' de Lawd!" was all Linda could answer as she left her standing there and went to find Miss Dunbar.

"De carpenter's done come," she said, "an' a-waitin' at de do', Miss 'Lizabeth, but it's a new kind, and the curiusest thing I've seed yet. Is you a-comin', or shall it wait?"

"It?" repeated Miss Dunbar, smiling and rising from the low chair, surrounded by trunks. "Is it a machine?"

"Come an' see," said Linda.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MORE than one friendly critic has recently taken us in hand for our late discussion of the Presidential possibilities. Several of these protest that they are men and women who "take no interest in politics." Such people ought to be counted among our "dangerous classes." Far more perilous to the liberty and prosperity of the republic than demagogues and plunderers of all sorts—aye, even more dangerous than the professional reformer—is the man who "takes no interest in politics." He is either so good or so pure or so slothful and selfish that the interest and good government of fifty millions of people, and the liberties of the unnumbered millions that shall spring from them, are not enough to awaken a throb of interest or a sentiment of duty in his heart. Each one of these men is charged with a kingly duty. On his head, as on that of every American citizen, rests the crown of empire. If he fails to exercise the power committed to him he only increases the power of others. If he is a good man, by standing aloof, he gives aid and countenance to evil; if he is a wise man, his lack of interest enhances the power of folly; if he is an honest man, his apathy strengthens the hands of fraud. Misgovernment, throughout the North, at least where the proportion of ignorance is so small as to make no serious obstacle, depends mainly upon the aid that is given to it by people who have not time to attend to politics, or else account themselves too good to take part therein. Party strife may not be in all respects the pleasantest thing for a high-toned citizen to engage in, but it is the very place where he can do most good. It is the crucible out of which comes the gold of progress and liberty. There will be dross, of course—and heat. The precious metals are only eliminated by fire, and the spelter always shows above the gold. It is only by the conflict of parties that the nation moves forward, and the man who holds himself aloof from this struggle is just so much dead wood that floats upon the current, is carried hither and thither, bringing good to no one and only influencing the course of events by stranding with other pieces of drift in some eddy and forming a dam which the stream sweeps away or flows over.

We often hear the claim that politics is such a dirty pool that no man of good character can afford to venture into it. If this be true, there is all the more need that good men and true should get into it and change its character. The mere grumbler—the man who simply stands off and finds fault—never accomplishes any good. If politics is a sink of iniquity, it is all the more needful that honest, pure-hearted giants should undertake its cleansing. A good character only grows the brighter for being smirched, and a man who is afraid of his reputation being endangered by any act that has for its end the good of his fellows, is pretty sure to have a reputation that needs to be watched carefully to prevent the world from detecting the flaws in it. The partisan may lead astray, but he is better, far better, than the man who will not lead at all—who simply sits and snarls and whines about the corruptness and infamy of politics. The doer, and not the palterer, is the good citizen.

APROPPOS of this subject is the question which a correspondent asks: "Is it the duty of a citizen to follow a party which represents in the main his political principles when he sees that it is manifestly going astray?" The question involves more than appears upon its face. In the first place, it is the duty of every citizen to keep himself actively and effectively in relation with that party which most nearly represents his convictions, and see to it himself that it does *not go astray*. That is the point at which to apply individual effort. It is just here that the private citizen can most effectually serve the nation. If every honest man will take time enough and give influence enough to keep his party right, this first question of the bolter's catechism will never come up for answer. If, however, this first duty has been neglected and the second arises, it becomes simply a choice of evils. The question then to be answered by the honest voter is simply one as to comparative evils. If he believes in the principles of his party as he ought to do, he will regard their subversion as a peril which must be overborne by some greater peril before he is justified in contributing to that result. Such a question depends solely on the circumstances of each case, and can only be answered by honestly considering them all. There is no formulary of political duty that can be relied on to guide any conscientious man in such a case—there is no guide-board that can be put up where the two roads part that can be relied on to tell the honest voter whether he should follow his party or become, *pro tanto*, an ally of its opponents.

It is the season when the centre o. population shifts toward the sea-coast, when bathing suits are in demand, and when many a visitor takes voluntarily, or is made to take involuntarily, a first dip in salt water. The way in which this introduction is effected may have a marked effect for good or ill according to the temperament of the bather. There is a theory among certain strong-minded ones that a child may be taught fearlessness by being plunged head and ears under water and made to take care of himself, but this is by no means true in all cases. Thousands of readers have probably heard the veteran lecturer, John B. Gough, tell how a life-long and insuperable horror of the sea was implanted in his soul by a stern guardian who, imbued with a theory, used to take him, when hardly more than an infant, out of his warm bed and, walking down across the beach, force him to an early plunge-bath. The speaker was wont to describe in blood-curdling words the freezing horror of that morning hour, and then, as he knew so well how to do, would point a temperance moral by an adroit transposition of terms. Every observant sojourner at the sea-side must have noted like instances of thoughtless cruelty on the part of fathers, brothers, husbands and masculine escorts generally. They will seize their daughter, wife or sweetheart by the shoulders, with a playful "Now for it!" and down she goes backward under the waves with a strangled scream. Dozens of times the writer has seen her raised up gasping for breath, utterly terrified, and in several instances has seen her carried senseless to the beach. To a swimmer who

has graduated in the rough-and-tumble school of American boyhood, the mere incident of being forcibly ducked is a matter of everyday experience. He learns to catch his breath as he goes down, and comes up ready to retaliate in kind, on the first convenient opportunity. With women it is far different; many of them never put their heads under water for fear of wetting their hair, and hardly know that it is necessary to hold one's breath when submerged. It is no uncommon thing, at the baptismal rites of those religious sects which practice immersion, to find the courage of a candidate fail at the last moment, and among Southern negroes the solemnity of the occasion is frequently marred by the screams and struggles of some sister whose heart faints at the supreme moment. Such a crisis is popularly viewed as the work of the devil, and the officiating minister sometimes has to call in lay assistance to get the rebellious sister properly under water, and thus expel the evil one. This is instanced merely to show how natural is the fear of submergence, and to emphasize the need of considerate gentleness on the part of all men who go down into the sea with novices, whatever their age or sex may be.

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SWIMMING goes hand in hand with bathing, but swimming for recreation is very different from swimming in earnest. It is one thing to be able to wade out until the water touches the chin, and then swim quietly back to the beach with an occasional reassuring touch of a foot to the friendly bottom. It is quite another thing to make headway against a breaking sea, or to strike out calmly for shore when a boat upsets, or to keep a drowning person afloat until help comes. It is far better, of course, to be able to swim a few strokes than not to swim at all, but no one who hopes to make the accomplishment of service in the face of danger should be content with mere surface swimming in smooth water. The breaking of a chance wavelet in the face may easily disconcert one who is not used to it, and the only way to be a confident swimmer is to become absolutely indifferent to an occasional involuntary ducking. The dread of wetting the hair keeps a majority of women from learning to swim, and when the difficulty of drying their long tresses is considered their reluctance is not much to be wondered at. Every young woman can and should learn to swim, even if it be only for a few strokes, but she will do well to remember that unless she can swim under water as well as at the surface she will find her accomplishment useless if ever—which may Heaven forefend!—she should be obliged to jump from a stranded or blazing vessel into a boiling sea-way.

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WILL not some competent chemist allow a gallon or so of the water that is furnished the eight hundred and fifty thousand people of Philadelphia for drinking, cooking and all domestic purposes, to settle in his pitcher over night, and then give us an estimate of about how many tons of filth the city consumes every day? The murder wrought by this and similar causes is so silent and steady that we hardly realize its extent and enormity. It is only when it culminates in a pestilence that stalks through our streets, cutting right and left, flashing the besom of destruction in our very faces, that we wake up to the necessity of obeying the laws which govern all life, even in the most evident particulars. A touch of yellow fever, such as has scourged the city more than once within a century, while it would seem an affliction, would be really a blessing. Yellow Jack may not come this year, and may perhaps never again be able to get above the meridian that has of late bounded his career; but, if that or any other pestilence should manage to effect an entrance with the summer heats, it would find everything ready for a most successful period of devastation. No city on the continent offers equal opportunity for contagion to display exactly what it can do when the people of

a great city co-operate heartily in spreading its fatal germs. Such a visitation would give us clean streets and clear water. So long as the ravages of disease are steady and gradual, aggregated populations pay little heed to them. The destruction of babies and poor people is not of very great moment to the rest of the world, but when pestilence mows down rich and poor and young and old in one great swath, the world gives heed and seeks to avert the evil by the elimination of its causes. The laws of life are the immutable laws of God, and their neglect by municipalities is the death-warrant of their inhabitants. Pestilence is the master that scourges us on to study and obey these laws.

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THE temperance agitation has produced one excellent effect in turning the attention of scientific men toward the causes and effects of intemperance. Mr. A. Arthur Reade's interesting and suggestive compilation¹ is rather a basis for future work in this direction than a solution of the problems connected with the subject, and was evidently suggested by Dr. Holbrook's work² on the "Hygiene of the Brain," from which, in his appendix, he quotes largely. Dr. Holbrook is gaining a constantly wider circle of readers, who find in him a quiet, common sense, united to a scientific knowledge, which is making him in some directions one of our most trustworthy authorities. The little volume was written for popular use, and in the preface he gives the motive and purpose. "The brain is, in one sense, a tool employed in the manufacture of thought and emotion. Wisdom would dictate that we should learn how to keep it in the very best condition possible. It has been the aim in preparing this book to give such knowledge as is necessary to do this." The chapters that follow contain a very simple and clear statement of the anatomy and functions of the brain and the best regimen for its most perfect life and development, while the latter part contains a series of letters from some of our best thinkers, filled with details of their personal methods in intellectual work. So far as instruction is concerned, it holds more value than that of Mr. Reade, who has simply brought together a series of facts, from which deductions may be drawn, but which will be of inestimable value to the worker in these fields. The individuality of the writers is as strongly marked in these communications as in their more formal work, and the love of gossip, common to us all, will make the book eagerly sought for by many who will care nothing for its scientific bearings. Dr. Lyman Abbott, who opens the ball by virtue of being the first A in the list, has had no experience of either tobacco or alcoholic drinks, and considers that brain-work is impeded by either. Mr. S. Austin Allibone, in his work of seventeen years on his "Dictionary of English Literature and Authors," used no stimulants, and only smoked a cigar after dinner. Matthew Arnold "has always drank wine, chiefly claret," but has given up beer, because of its bad effects on rheumatism, from which he suffers. He supposes that "most young people could do as much without wine as with it. Real brain work of itself, I think, upsets the worker and makes him bilious. Wine will not agree with this, nor will abstaining from wine prevent it. But in general, wine used in moderation seems to add to the agreeableness of life, for adults at any rate, and whatever adds to the agreeableness of life adds to its resources and powers."

(1) STUDY AND STIMULANTS; or, the Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life, as Illustrated by Personal Communications on the Subject from Men of Letters and of Science. Edited by A. Arthur Reade. 12mo, pp. 201, \$1.50; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

(2) HYGIENE OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES and the Cure of Nervousness. With twenty-eight original letters from leading thinkers and writers concerning their physical and intellectual habits. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. 12mo, pp. 279, \$1.25; M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

Dr. Alexander Bain, Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, never used tobacco, and wrote of stimulants: "As to the other stimulants—alcohol and the tea group—I find abstinence essential to intellectual effort."

General Grant, as would be supposed, finds tobacco a stimulant for the day, and a sedative when he is sleepless. John Stuart Blaikie considers smoking "a vile and odious practice," but demands one glass of wine at dinner to sharpen appetite. Louis Blanc abstained from both. Robert Buchanan writes: "I drink myself, but not during hours of work, and I smoke pretty habitually. My own experience and belief is that beer, alcohol and tobacco, like most blessings, can be turned into curses by habitual self-indulgence."

Wilkie Collins finds tobacco his best friend. "When I am ill," he writes, "(I am suffering from gout at this very moment), tobacco is the best friend that my irritable nerves possess. When I am well, but exhausted for the time by a hard day's work, tobacco nerves and composes me. This is my evidence in two words: When a man allows himself to become a glutton in the matter of smoking tobacco he suffers for it, and if he becomes a glutton in the matter of eating meat he just as certainly suffers in another way. When I read learned attacks on the practice of smoking, I feel indebted to the writer—he adds largely to the relish of my cigar."

Darwin's experience is a suggestive one. He wrote: "I drink a glass of wine daily, and believe I should be better without any, though all doctors urge me to drink wine, as I suffer much from giddiness. I have taken snuff all my life, and regret that I have ever acquired the habit, which I have often tried to leave off and have succeeded for a time. I feel sure that it is a great stimulant and aid in my work. I also daily smoke two little paper cigarettes of Turkish tobacco. This is not a stimulant, but rests me after I have been compelled to talk, with tired memory, more than anything else. I am now seventy-three years old."

Mr. E. A. Freeman cannot conceive why people smoke. He did it once in his youth, and "finding it nasty did not try again." He drinks wine and beer as he eats beef and mutton, "without any theories, one way or another." Charles Reade and Ivan Turguéneff neither drink nor smoke. Edison chews tobacco, but neither smokes nor drinks.

Mr. Edward O'Donovan, author of "The Merv Oasis," found that stimulants were a necessity after an exhausting day's ride when mental work must be done. "After a long day's ride," he says, "in the burning sun across the dry, stony wastes of Northwestern Persia, I have arrived in some wretched mud-built town, and lain down upon my carpet in the corner of some miserable hovel, utterly worn out by bodily fatigue, mental anxiety, and the worry inseparable from constant association with Eastern servants. It would be necessary to write a long letter to the newspapers before retiring to rest. A judicious use of stimulants has, under such circumstances, not only given me sufficient energy to unpack my writing materials, lie on my face, and, propped on both elbows, write for hours by the light of a smoky lamp, but also produced the flow of ideas that previously refused to come out of their mental hiding-places, or which presented themselves in a flat and uninteresting form. I consider, then, the use of alcoholic and other stimulation to be conducive to literary labors under circumstances of physical and mental exhaustion; and very often the latter is the normal condition of writers, especially those employed on the press."

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's letter is one of the most sensible in the volume, though each one is of value, that of the Abbé Moigno, the French astronomer, being simply delightful in its child-like simplicity and fullness of detail, though too long for quotation. Mr. Hamerton writes: "I am quite willing to answer your question about

tobacco. I used to smoke in moderation, but six years ago some young friends were staying at my house, and they led me into smoking more in the evenings than I was accustomed to. This brought on disturbed nights and dull mornings, so I gave up smoking altogether—as an experiment—for six months. At the end of that time I found my general health so much improved that I determined to make abstinence a permanent rule, and have stuck to my determination ever since, with decided benefit. I shall certainly never resume smoking. I never use any stimulants whatever when writing, and I believe the use of them to be most pernicious; indeed, I have seen terrible results from them. When a writer feels dull, the best stimulant is fresh air. Victor Hugo makes a good fire before writing, and then opens the windows. I have often found temporary dullness removed by taking a turn out of doors, or simply by adopting Victor Hugo's plan. I am not a teetotaler, though at various times I have abstained altogether from alcoholic stimulants for considerable periods, feeling better without them. I drink ale to lunch, and wine (Burgundy) to dinner; but never use either between meals when at home and at work. At one time I did myself harm by drinking tea, but have quite given up both tea and coffee. My breakfast in the morning is a basin of soup, invariably, and nothing else. This is very unusual in England, but not uncommon in France. I find it excellent, as it supports me well through the morning without any excitement. My notion of the perfect physical condition for intellectual work is that in which the body is well supported without any kind of stimulus to the nervous system. Thanks to the observance of a few simple rules, I enjoy very regular health, with great equality and regularity of working power, so that I get through a great deal without feeling it to be any burden upon me, which is the right state. I never do any brain work after dinner. I dine at seven, and read after, but only in languages that I can read without any trouble, and about subjects that are familiar to me."

The book proves that no one experience can be the guide for all, and also that stimulant and high thought are and always have been incompatible, and that their use is likely to diminish rather than increase, as their nature and influence are better understood. Such books have a mission in this day of excessive use of stimulants.

MR. HENRY JAMES, who is still running the gauntlet in certain English journals which are not likely to forget the comparisons Mr. Howells chose to draw, fills a new rôle in a new novel, which may surprise him quite as much as it does the reader. The likeness may be unintentional, but certainly is a carefully-drawn one, and will be found at full length in the opening chapter of "An Honorable Surrender."¹ The novels from Scribners' are all distinctive. They publish few, but most of them are marked by the mild pessimism, the discontent and exaltation of the critical element in life, which is the portion of the young American in this generation. "Guerndale" held all this, and "An Honorable Surrender," while greatly inferior to it in dramatic power, has many of the same elements. The story is simple. Mr. Kenneth Lawrence, who has sat for Mr. Henry James' portrait, is a writer of analytical romances, who, by a series of complications, finds himself in a remote village, and proceeds to a disgusted dissection of the inhabitants. He regains composure on perceiving afar off a young lady in a boat, who evidently belongs to his own sphere, and whom he presently rescues from a willfully-incurred peril. She is the daughter of a fascinating Irishman, who years before had been stranded here and married a village belle, with whom, soon giving up attempt to live, and leaving the child, he has wandered from

(1) AN HONORABLE SURRENDER. By Mary Adams. 16mo, pp. 323, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

city to city till forced to place her here with her mother's relatives. The girl has beauty and character of a peculiar sort, but there is no capacity for deep affection in her or any other among the more prominent group of characters. Kenneth Lawrence gives place in time to Harry Ashley, more human, but still fully capable of finding consolation if rejected in somebody else; and Alice cleaves to both, apparently with little or no consciousness of the double game she is playing, and after a rejection of both, "surrenders" to Ashley, who can hardly be congratulated on the result. The father, who appears again, and who is the occasion of much entanglement and even suffering, is well drawn, with his shifty, pleasure-loving, conscienceless nature; and Celia Crosby is, in some points, the most attractive character in the book, but at best it is not a pleasant one, being chiefly a reflection of James' own style and methods. There is sufficient evidence in touches here and there, of character or description, to assure one that the author is capable of much better work, and this she should give if she would do herself justice.

George Eliot as a Practical Woman.

THE first attempt toward a biography of the greatest female novelist of England has just been put forth by Mathilde Blind, who, with a distinctively foreign name, seems yet to be English born. This biography,¹ or rather study, has been recently issued by the Boston house of Roberts Brothers, as the first of a series to be entitled "Famous Women." Those who may take up this book with the expectation of finding much new matter that will throw light on some of the obscure points of this singular life will be disappointed. But it contains a good deal of indirect testimony to the personality of Marian Evans—not merely as a woman of surpassing intellect, of supreme power of acquisition, of masculine grasp of mind in every direction, but as a woman of affairs, as a worker with her hands as well as her head; as a housekeeper, a hostess, a wife; as one who stood *in loco parentis* to children left worse than motherless.

This is but an incidental matter in the narration which Miss Blind gives us; but it is valuable for the significant lesson it conveys. Literary women in this practical land of ours are too much disposed to ignore what they are accustomed to look upon as the menial details of life; they are somewhat proud of saying, "I don't know anything about housekeeping, as my vocations keep me among books."

We would like to know whose life was more fed by books than George Eliot's! and yet no one can read "Adam Bede," or "The Mill on the Floss," or "Felix Holt," and not see that the author's practical acquaintance with the minute details of farm and country and provincial life was something quite remarkable. None but a thorough "house dame" could have created a Mrs. Poyser; only one who knew all about the mysteries of cheese and butter-making could have given us the pretty picture of the coquettish Hetty displaying her dimpled arms in the dairy, as she moulded the golden pats; and no other than one who was cognizant of the *res angusta domi* could have so well presented the family living of the Garths. Miss Blind tells us that the description of Mrs. Poyser's dairy was photographed from that of Griff, the birthplace and home of Marian Evans, where, for many years after her mother's early death, she kept house in the most practical way for her father. She used sometimes to show her white, shapely hands to her friends, that they might observe the difference between them (the right one being broader), saying with pride, "That comes of my having made so much butter and cheese when I lived at Griff." Yet all this positive acquisition of such knowledge as would do credit to a head housekeeper, went hand-in-hand with her varied and abstruse studies. Her manner of life

up to young womanhood may be gathered from the details of Maggie Tulliver's, which Mathilde Blind says is largely accepted as autobiographical. One of the few original sources of information in regard to Marian Evans' early life was Mr. Isaac Evans, her brother, with whom the biographer had personal interviews, and he it was who discovered from this novel the identity of George Eliot with his sister. He recognized in Maggie Tulliver her peculiarities, her likes and dislikes; the old attic, the round pool, the "red deeps," and, above all, the many scenes between himself and her, which answered startlingly to those between Maggie and Tom.

We learn from this memoir, too, how fond the young Marian was of pretty feminine vanities when at school at Coventry, where the prim Franklin ladies lived, who had no little to do in moulding that exact style of expression, and in inculcating that hatred of anything that approached slang, so characteristic of George Eliot. We all recall in "Felix Holt" Esther's persistent love of dainty gloves and boots—a thing remarked of Marian Evans when a girl of fifteen at school; and through her life she was fond of surrounding herself with what was womanly and beautiful. Nothing of the proverbial carelessness of the traditional literary woman appertained to her, personally or to her *ménage*. Exquisite neatness and refinement marked everything with which she had to do. It is not exactly easy to identify the brilliant talker, the learned expositor of Comptism and of Spinoza's ethics, the wonderful delineator of the intricacies of mediæval Florentine politics, the unraveler of the abstruse threads of mysterious psychologies, with the rambles about Shotter mill in search of eggs and fowls; the chat with the farmers' wives about pigs and early vegetables and butter-making; the remark of the old garden-woman, "It was just wonderful, the sight o' green peas I sent to that gentleman and lady (Mr. and Mrs. Lewes) every week;" the letter about the breaking of the crockery by the cat, and many such minute touches which we could wish indefinitely added to and given us in Mathilde Blind's study, in place of the multiplied pages of critical analysis, excellent and discriminating as most of this is.

Of the special points on which curiosity about George Eliot has been so piqued the biographer says little, and perhaps wisely. She is no apologist for the irregularity of the marriage with Mr. Lewes; indeed, she does not state the facts of the singular difficulties of the case as strongly as she might have done. Nor does she offer any excuses or defenses for the way in which (as she says) "George Eliot startled the world, as well as her most intimate circle of friends, by her sudden marriage with Mr. John Walter Cross." But we are told of her devoted faithfulness in creating a happy home for Mr. Lewes and his three children, toward whom she performed all a mother's duties, and one of whom she nursed with the tenderest assiduity through a long decline that ended in death.

We have not, in this brief article, attempted to speak of the great novelist as other than a practical woman; criticism upon her works would be out of place here. Those who wish clear and incisive judgment in regard to her books will find it in this biography of Miss Blind's, where every work is taken up for consideration in the order of its publication. Although we own to some natural disappointment in not finding more individual narrative, more letters, more glimpses of the inner home-life than are given, we yet acknowledge our indebtedness to the author for so much of the personality as she has been able to preserve.

We had not before taken in so fully the exceeding *realism* of George Eliot as a novelist. Miss Blind tells us that the germs that blossomed into multitudes of the finest and most powerful scenes and characters in the novels had their being in the actual experiences of Marian Evans' childhood and youth at Griff House.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

(1) GEORGE ELIOT. By Mathilde Blind. "Famous Women Series." 16mo, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.



THE next volume in the "Round Robin Series," which is still high in public favor, will be called "His Second Campaign."

NOVELS of Washington life are now in order, the latest report making Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren the prospective author of one.

MR. ROBERT ANSTAY, author of the delightful burlesque novel, "Vice Versa," is at work upon another, entitled "The Giant's Robe."

THE Rev. George Macdonald, from whom nothing had been heard for some time, has been giving a "Reading from Robert Browning" in London.

THE Scribners have sold their entire list of educational works to Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., and purpose confining themselves hereafter to their constantly-increasing business in importing and general publication.

MISS CONSTANCE FENNIMORE WOOLSON, whose novel, "For the Major," has proved even more popular than "Anne," is staying in Venice, to which most literary Americans sooner or later seem to be drawn.

It is said that Mr. Crawford, suddenly one of our most popular novelists, has decided to live in Boston after his return from Europe. He is reported to be a remarkable linguist, as well as a devout member of the Church of Rome.

"THREE SCORE AND OTHER POEMS" has little reason for being. Mr. George H. Calvert has given us such worthy prose that it is a pity to waste energy on, if not unworthy, at least very negative, poetry. (16mo, pp. 99, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

MR. BROWNING received on his birthday, from the seven Browning societies in England, a birthday present of a beautiful drawing of Andrea del Sarto's picture representing himself as pleading with his wife. The original is the picture which inspired Mr. Browning's poem of "Andrea del Sarto."

THE Rev. Edward Everett Hale proposes to write a history of the Pacific Ocean and its shores, for which he has been over forty years collecting material. Mr. Hale is an accomplished Spanish scholar, having begun the study of the language at a time when he expected to act as private secretary of the historian Prescott.

MR. SWINBURNE's latest volume of poems, "A Century of Roundels," is to be brought out in this country by R. Worthington, New York. Several of the poems are on various phases of childhood from babyhood up, and show a singularly keen appreciation of what is generally considered to be obnoxious to bachelors.

It is a question whether anything so purely in the nature of a campaign document as Hawthorne's "Life of Franklin Pierce" should be included in the beautiful Riverside edition of his works. It has long been out of print, and has no interest, save as the attempt of a devoted friend to make a very ordinary man extraordinary.

THE new English dictionary, the printing of which is going on in London, has reached the article "alternate," with a showing of six thousand entries where Webster has three thousand. It will contain two hundred thousand main entries and over a million quotations, and the first part will be ready for publication in a few months.

THE Florentine villa of the late George P. Marsh has been taken by Professor Willard Fiske, who goes there in a short time, carrying with him a large part of his library, including his almost unrivaled collection of Petrarch's and of books relating to the Italian poet. It is surmised that he will busy himself in the preparation of a work on Petrarch.

MR. TRISTRAM J. ELLIS has prepared a very carefully written and beautifully printed and illustrated little manual entitled, "Sketching From Nature: A Handbook for Students and Amateurs." Twenty-seven sketches by the author are included, and the directions are so plain and so minute that even the beginner who follows them faithfully can hardly fail to accomplish good work. (12mo, pp. 156, \$1.00; Macmillan & Co., London).

THOSE who have learned to value the excellent journal known as *Building*, an architectural monthly, will know that the quarto on "American Cottages," just issued by William T. Comstock, is worthy the attention of all who propose building. It is made up of forty-four plates of medium and low-priced cottages, the designs having been drawn by various well-known architects, and all of them being not only graceful but practical. (4to, \$3.50; New York).

THERE is very unusual quality in much of the verse that makes up a little volume lately issued by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, "A Prairie Idyl and Other Poems." The nameless author is deeply tinctured with both Browning and Tennyson, the influence of the latter being apparent on every page; but there is deep poetic feeling and grace, and much possibility of work in the future less under the spell of favorite poets. (16mo, pp. 160, \$1.00).

THE author of "King Capital," Mr. William Sime, one of the latest novels in the "Transatlantic Series," has done an exceedingly reckless piece of work, some of the situations being so preposterously absurd and improbable that one becomes actually indignant at the waste of good material. The details of life in a great manufacturing town are excellent. There is much delicate characterization, the dreamy inventor brother of the chief actor being capitally drawn, but the book as a whole is simply exasperating. (Paper, pp. 412, 50 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons).

JOHN G. WHITTIER often writes impromptu verses, in albums and elsewhere, bright with a gayety that does not often appear in his more important works. Not long ago he wrote in the album of a young lady—who with her friends had been rallying him on his bachelorhood—the following lines:

"Ah, ladies, you love to levy a tax
On my poor little paper parcel of fame;
Yet strange it seems that among you all
Not one is willing to take my name—
To write and rewrite, till the angels pity her,
The weariful words, Thine truly, WHITTIER."

MISS AMANDA M. DOUGLAS has made a place for herself in many homes, her stories for children being always bright, delicate and free from all sensationalism, and her more sustained work holding the same traits. "Whom Kathie Married" contains the final fortunes of the little heroine of the "Kathie" books, grown into a very lovely girlhood. The story is a quiet and serene picture, darkened here and there by sorrows or sins, but no suggestion of sensationalism is to be found, and the lovers of simple and natural life will find the reading a very pleasant method of insuring a good deal of quiet enjoyment. (12mo, pp. 351, \$1.50; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

As the record of a singularly devoted and noble man, a new "Life of Adoniram Judson," by his son, Edward Judson, will find a welcome from many. That by Dr. Wayland gave fewer personal details than the present one

contains, but left the same impression of intensity and fervor, being, however, chiefly a theory of missions and Dr. Judson's influence upon them. Dr. Wayland's memoir is now out of print, and the name of Judson so nearly forgotten outside his own denomination, that there is good reason for telling once more the story of a life filled with self-sacrifice and enduring every hardship joyfully for the sake of a consecrated purpose. (8vo, pp. 601, \$2.50; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York).

MRS. LAURA C. HOLLOWAY's graceful little monograph, "An Hour with Charlotte Brontë; or, Flowers from a Yorkshire Moor," has been added to the "Standard Library Series," and has special interest at this time when Miss Robinson's "Emily Brontë" has attracted fresh attention to the tragic story of the gifted sisters. It is not a life, but merely a sketch, with telling passages from her novels and various letters and poems, the whole giving an exceedingly sympathetic and careful estimate of her life and work. (Paper, pp. 144, 15 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York).

THERE is broader and deeper work to be done than anything accomplished in Dr. Joseph Parrish's book on "Alcoholic Inebriety, from a Medical Standpoint," by Joseph Parrish, M. D., yet nothing written on temperance has the scope or authority of this earnest volume. The chapters on "Inebriety a Disease" and "Traumatic Inebriety" will attract special attention, the latter showing how many cases of intoxication are the direct effect of causes beyond mental or moral control. He discusses the relations of insanity and alcoholism, but his treatment, perhaps because of the limitations of the volume, is far less exhaustive and full than could be wished, and we must hope for another work or an extension of the present one from hands that have shown themselves so capable of making not only a readable but a thoroughly scientific presentation of the subject. (12mo, pp. 185, \$1.25; P. Blakiston & Co., Philadelphia).

MR. E. P. ROE, whose most undeserved financial embarrassments have excited the sympathy of his many friends, writes in regard to them: "I do not wish the idea to go abroad that I desire more sympathy or aid than any and every business man would be glad to receive in like circumstances. What I most crave is a chance—the confidence which will enable me to do business. A gentleman wrote: 'Hearing of your troubles, I purchased my plants elsewhere;' and his letter is the type of others that have been received. I also know well that hundreds have quietly adopted the same cautious policy. Such a course is very natural, and I do not know that I can blame strangers for taking it. I do know, however, that there has been no occasion for this caution. I have given careful personal supervision to the spring sale of my plants; there has never been less complaint, while scores and scores of letters expressing cordial satisfaction have been received. Every dollar of profit from these sales will go to my creditors, and for my own time I have charged nothing. . . . I do not ask for more than the vantage which other men enjoy, immunity from distrust which is like chilly weather in which nothing can grow. With the chance I crave, and time and health, I think I can lift the burden."

HERBERT SPENCER's latest appearance in public is chronicled by an amusing correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, who writes:

"I got into a carriage, in one corner of which sat a slender old gentleman. His face looked familiar, but yet I could not place him. The smoke from the tunnel gave me a slight irritation of the throat, and I coughed. I should have said that at Kensington a much over-dressed lady bounced in. 'She eyed me all over with a look that plainly said, 'I suppose you consider yourself well dressed. Poor worm! But you haven't as many colors as I have.' Well, I coughed. I had thought the slender old gentleman asleep, but he had heard my smoky cough. He started

up, and, diving into an inner pocket, drew forth a little round box, and, leaning over toward me, said, 'You have a cold; try one of these lozenges.' I was surprised into a stammering 'thank you,' and with much difficulty drew a piece of lozenge from the many other kinds of pill that floated around in that box. I saw the supercilious smile on my lady of many colors deepening into a broad grin. I was holding the lozenge between my thumb and finger, and staring at it. Just then we arrived at my station, and, getting up, I handed the lozenge to the over-dressed lady, with the remark, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' The slender old gentleman opened the door for me, smiled grimly, and then I saw who it was—Herbert Spencer."

ANOTHER is added to the many manuals on elocution in the shape of a volume entitled "How to Read: A Manual of Elocution and Vocal Culture," by Hiram F. Reed, A. M. Mr. Reed is President of the Eatonian School of Elocution, in Philadelphia, and therefore with sufficient experience to determine what methods accomplish the best results. Plates and explanations are given of the anatomy of the vocal organs, and there is a careful selection of examples for practice. (12mo, pp. 240, \$1.25; H. B. Garner, Philadelphia). A more elaborate volume in the same direction is "Extempore Speech: How to Acquire and Practice It," by Rev. William Pittenger. This emanates from the "National School of Elocution and Oratory," at Philadelphia, the special object of the book being "to show how man of average ability may learn to speak extemporaneously with ease and certainty. Mere generalities are discarded, while all those little details of practical work which the theorist overlooks are made prominent. Some parts of the work are simple enough to be comprehended by a school-boy, and may be applied by him in his first efforts; other parts may be read with profit by the orator already in the maturity of his powers." (12mo, pp. 276, \$1.50).

NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE: or, A Jest in Sober Earnest. With an Introduction. By James Millington. Paper, pp. 60, 20 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH. By Ernest Renan. Translated by C. B. Pitman. 16mo, pp. 355, \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. A Manual for Tourists. With Maps and Twenty-four Illustrations. By Henry J. Winsor. Paper, pp. 96, 50 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

AN INLAND VOYAGE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 16mo, pp. 261, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

SINNERS AND SAINTS. A Tour Across the States and Round Them. With Three Months among the Mormons. By Phil. Robinson. 16mo, pp. 370, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

SUCCESSFUL MEN OF TO-DAY, AND What They Say of Success. By Wilbur F. Crafts, A. M. Paper, pp. 259, 25 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

DANIEL WEBSTER. By Henry Cabot Lodge. "American Statesmen Series." 16mo, pp. 372, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A FASHIONABLE SUFFERER: or, Chapters from Life's Comedy. By Augustus Hoppin. 12mo, pp. 246, \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE: or, A JEST IN SOBER EARNEST. With an Introduction. By James Millington. "The Parchment Paper Series." Paper, pp. 60, 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

SAM HOBART, THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER. A Workingman's Solution of the Labor Problem. By Justin D. Fulton, D. D. Paper, pp. 239, 25 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

LABOR AND CAPITAL. By Edward Kellogg. Paper, pp. 374, 20 cents. John W. Lowell Co., New York.

DOCTOR CLAUDIUS. A True Story. By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, pp. 333, \$1.00. Macmillan & Co., New York.

A VISIT TO CEYLON. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated by Clara Bell. 12mo, pp. 337, \$2.50. S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston.

MANUAL OF TAXIDERM. A Complete Guide in Collecting and Preserving Birds and Mammals. By C. J. Maynard. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 111, \$1.00. S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston.

UNDERGROUND RUSSIA. Revolutionary Profiles and Sketches from Life. By Stepaniak. With a Preface by Peter Lavroff. 12mo, pp. 272, \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.



WHOSE was this now?
I can't—I vow!

I cannot quite remember.
How time *does* fly!
Here 'tis July,
I got this in November.

Not Kate Van O.,
For she, you know,
Was never seen in blue.
Maud? No, a glove
She gave to prove
That each to each was true.

See? Number six!
Ah, what a fix
She left us in that day—
Engaged to three,
Tom, Jack and me,
And then went off with Ray.

Belle? Yes, that's it!
But no, 'twould fit
Far better Nell's complexion,
Or May, or Ruth,
Or Grace—in truth
'Twould suit them to perfection.

I cannot tell.
It's just as well!
What difference does it make?
It may be Nell's,
Perhaps it's Belle's—
I'll keep it for their sake.

Dear Grace, sweet Nell,
My charming Belle,
Kate, Marie, Maud and Jenny,
Your souvenirs
Are safe, my dears,
I prize them much—if any.

B. T. SIENNA.

Sonnet.

WHAT time Grimalkin stalks abroad at night,
And to some nocturne doth his voice attune,
With pensive gaze fixed on the pale, wan moon,
Whom by his wondrous lay he doth affright
So that she giveth forth but half her light—
Then fervently I crave that gracious boon,
The dawn of day, which cannot come too soon
And end the song he doth so oft recite.

Yea, as I think upon his youthful days,
When he in sportive guise pursued his tail
And gamboled thus through all his kittenhood,
Then I do marvel much at nature's ways,
And fain would know the reason of this wail,
And deem his life a questionable good.

HOWARD PEACOCK.

The English Sparrow.

BLESS the sparrow!
English sparrow,
Come from far across the sea;
What a blessing
It's possessing—
Pretty sparrow, t'wit—t'wit—t'wee.

See the sparrow!
Little sparrow,
Sporting through our Central Park:
Plucky sparrow,
Fighting sparrow,
Always ready for a lark.

Oh, the sparrow!
Num'rous sparrow.
"Kill the insects?" Ah, indeed!
Then why don't you,
Oh, why won't you
On our worms and beetles feed?

John Bull's sparrow
In the narrow
Of our spouting builds her nest.
Rain or water
Cannot slaughter
This imported little pest.

Blast the sparrow!
Shoot the sparrow!
For it eats our tender greens.
In the garden—
"Ax your pardon!
I will dine on peas and beans."

A. M. SCHMIDT.

The Doctor.

HE warns us in eating, he warns us in drinking,
He warns us in reading and writing and thinking;
He warns us in football, footrace, eight-oar "stroking,"
He warns us in dancing and cigarette-smoking;
He warns us in taking champagne and canoeing;
He warns us in wearing red socks and shampooing;
He warns us—of drains—in our snug country quarters;
He warns us—of fever—in mineral waters;
He warns us in—everything mortal may mention,
But—what gives rise
To but little surprise—
Nobody pays him the slightest attention!

London Punch.

